

LEAVES  
OUT OF BOOKS

BROUGHT TOGETHER AS

*Examples*

OF 20 CLASSIC '*Monotype*' FACES AT WORK

HELPING BRITISH PUBLISHERS &

PRINTERS TO ACHIEVE

*Typographic Distinction*

IN TRADE MANUFACTURE

AN ALBUM OF LEAVES CUT FROM EIGHTY TYPICAL CURRENT BOOKS  
THE MAJORITY MADE TO SELL AT OR UNDER 7s. 6d. NET  
TAKEN AT RANDOM AND BOUND TOGETHER FOR  
THE MONOTYPE CORPORATION LTD

1938

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE: *the text set on a "Monotype" Keyboard in 16 pt. Bembo*  
(p. 1), 18 pt. Centaur (p. 2), 14 pt. Van Dyck  
(p. 3), 14 pt. Bell (p. 4), 14 pt. Ehrhardt (p. 5),  
14 pt. Perpetua (p. 6).

## ACTUAL LEAVES CUT FROM CURRENT BOOKS

### INDEXED ON SECTION TITLES

NOTE: *The choice of books was made almost at random to show a few TYPICAL uses of a few normal "book sizes" of certain popular book faces. Practically all the leaves shown are from cheap or normal-price British "trade books," recently published or reprinted.*

DIFFERENT leaves out of the same books are shown in each of these hundred Albums.

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CONTRIBUTED BY THE RESPECTIVE PUBLISHERS, SHOWING SERIES 270, 128 AND 239

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY THE COMPILERS OF THIS ALBUM OF PRINTED LEAVES

THIS compilation is the result of a visit by one of our Honorary Scouts to Messrs. Bumpus's bookshop in Oxford Street early in October, 1938. And we had better begin by explaining the nature of these Honorary Scouts of ours.

All over the country—all over the world—there are certain individuals who think it important to defend and cherish the greatest gift of the human species, namely the power to share specific ideas by using spoken or written Words. Knowing that this gift made Civilization possible, such people become angry, or obscurely fearful, when they hear good words abused, or find the Liberty of the Press attacked (or exploited), or listen to slovenly speech, or see slovenly writing of any kind.

They are courteous, these Defenders of Words and Meanings. They are like wise men in a court of law, who take care to rise to their feet when Justice makes her symbolical entry. When they see ugly printing they call it Contempt of Words. And they hate the sight of any letter-forms that are so ugly as to show ingratitude for the invention which made it easy to learn to read and write—the device called the Alphabet.

It is natural for such people to become keenly interested in the grammar of Lettering, especially as applied to Type Design, and in



the techniques of typography. Having learned to identify the best faces at sight—an easy accomplishment if ever there was one—they can extract some amusement from “spotting” this or that face and criticizing this or that “layout” as an effective, or improvable, design.

They cannot pursue their typographic studies far without hearing a good deal about the post-war achievement of the Monotype Corporation of London. The more they study that achievement, that programme of type-cutting that seemed so quixotic in 1922, the more likely they are to develop something like personal regard for a Corporation that dared, so early in the game, to foresee a typographic renaissance for the “trade book”, and an æsthetic reformation for everyday periodical and “general” printing.

These enthusiasts are often kind enough to send us news—even examples—of such new books and jobs as could well be added to our collections of Printed Pieces (of any description) which show our best type faces at work. When such a gift or welcome report arrives, we award to the donor the title of Honorary Typographic Scout.\*

Well, it was one such Scout who dropped in at Bumpus’s on the occasion we mention, with a list of books he had been meaning to buy and a hungry and omnivorous eye for the new titles. Browsing and glancing, he found himself automatically noting the different type faces. He was not surprised to see that

\* Most of the great typographers of the world, many famous master printers, many craft-proud compositors, many eminent men to whom the study of typography is only a de-

lightful hobby—have taken the trouble to send us particularly interesting evidences of how our type faces are at work for the “typographic renaissance”.



almost all of them were "Monotype" faces, for he was aware that the normal way of composing books in Great Britain is to use "Monotype" machines. What did somewhat surprise him was the remarkable *variety* of "first rate" faces that he could see at work, in what are called "trade" books—that is, not limited editions specially designed to delight the eye, but normally-priced new books and cheap reprints.

#### NOTICING THE "STAGE LIGHTING"

If he had been a typical browsing booklover, he would of course have been so intent upon judging the *literary* readability of this and that book as to be quite unconscious of the ways in which typographers and printers had helped those books to LOOK more readable at first glance. The normal theatre-goer is too intent on following the plot, or judging the actor's performance, to notice how the stage lighting, at any given moment, is helping the actor to "put across" the meaning of any slightest gesture. Only the man with theatrical experience can keep a corner of his mind free to note how this or that Baby Amber Spot (or some other detail of good production technique) has somehow helped to bring the actor's best effects across to the audience.

Similarly, only a person with some typographic experience can manage to keep the corner of his eye peeled for instances of good *book production technique* at the moment when he is testing the author's "readability" by a random opening of the book. The common reader has no such ability; he looks *through* type and not *at* it. If his random dip into a book gives him a general impression of "readableness", the author—quite rightly—is given all the credit. Only typographers—amateur or professional—ever spare a conscious thought for those technicalities of printing which are aimed at giving the author a handsomely fair chance.

But this *was* a typographer who was pawing about amongst the new books. And he saw so many of his favourite type faces at work, each in so many different "page effects",\* that he thought: "I could easily find

\* One design in two different sizes; each size set to | measure two different "leadings" (white between two different measures (lengths of line): for each | lines): result, eight different "page effects".

enough books here, practically within arm's reach—here amongst the important New Books and over there amongst the Pocket Reprints—to show typical uses of all my favourite type faces, in different formats, on different paper surfaces—in different normal book sizes, too.”

He then remembered that we at Fetter Lane possessed a fair-sized collection of contemporary printed books, labelled as typical (or “interesting”) examples of particular good type faces at work. When a printer drops in to discuss his possible investment in a new text face, he naturally likes to see “actual jobs” in the designs that interest him, as well as conventional specimens. If the example happens to be less than perfectly machined, on unflattering paper, he looks with all the more interest to see how well that particular design can *survive* such handicaps. A few designs (*e.g.* Bodoni) can be fearfully altered by unsuitable paper and inking: others are astonishingly adaptable.

Well, at least there was in existence some such collection as our Scout had envisaged; and it had been brought up to date this summer through gifts and purchases of volumes that seemed interesting enough to mention in the Annual Book Number of *The Monotype Recorder*.

Now one of the reasons why printing itself had to be invented was that people are never willing to go and inspect an object when that object could as well come to them. Our Scout thought: Most of the books in that collection of “Monotype” Faces at Work must consist of at least 200 pages, 100 leaves apiece. And one actual leaf from each book would be enough to show the “page effect” of its type face, on that kind of paper, in the given size, leaded or solid as it happened to be . . .

As soon as that point was put to us over the phone we began planning the scrap-book you have in your hands. There was not time to consult the book printers and publishers as to which books of 1938 ought to be selected—out of so many admirably set examples at hand. The *Sunday Times* Book Fair was only three weeks off, and a quick, almost random choice would have to be made before we could begin to send volumes to be “guillotined” into separate leaves. Also there was



no thought of selecting only the *best printed* books, or the best designed, hence no printer or publisher would feel slighted if we failed to take a Leaf out of his favourite Book.

We refused to consider the destruction, the tearing limb from limb, of any book issued in a limited edition, or of any "o.p." book, or of any Bible. But we were in some cases able to obtain from the publishers special reprints, "on the paper", of designated single leaves. These favours have been acknowledged in our section index pages. The type used in the famous Oxford Lectern Bible is shown in a page (reprinted) from a pamphlet produced for us by the Oxford University Press.

These exceptions apart, the scrap-book is no more than what it pretends to be—a collection of leaves cut out of *a few* books, chosen almost at random, out of some 250,000 titles in print in Great Britain to-day. The overwhelming majority of those books were set on "Monotype" machines, and since 1925 the "classic" book faces, the immortal First Raters in our repertory, have one by one become quite as widespread as any pre-war Mediocrity!

Had we but World enough and Time, we could have brought together enough current books to show all the "normal book sizes" of all our 20 Immortals, each size in the formats in which it is most often used, with typical variations of measure and leading *and* paper surface for good measure—say a thousand different "page effects" in all, and only *good* effects at that. But these hundred Scrap-books\* have no such ambitious aim. They can only help the people who inspect them, to realize and recognize the difference that there is between one good face and another good face, between one pleasant typographic Voice and another—when neither one has any noticeable Foreign Accent or mannerism.

There are plenty of volumes on your own bookshelves that could be ranged together as "good books in particularly good type faces". The very poorest booklover could show you (if he but knew) "Monotype" Times New Roman, if only in his Penguin and Pelican sixpennies;

\*They are the first "Experimental Models" for a more comprehensive Album now being compiled.

"Monotype" Bembo, if only in eighteenpenny Nelson Classics; "Monotype" Baskerville, if only in Left Book Club books; "Monotype" Bell, if only in a 2s. Oxford World's Classic . . . and so on; we mention but a few of the cheap series that are costumed in various "Monotype" faces. And the wealthiest connoisseurs of fine modern typography can show you (say) the fifty-guinea Oxford Lectern Bible, set by "Monotype" machines in "Monotype" Centaur—or spread before you the loveliest books of the Gregynog, High House and other Limited Edition presses, that you may see how worthy are Fournier, Poliphilus, Bembo and the rest to be printed on superb paper with the finest ink.

And all this has happened since 1922; and it has come about through the work of the only firm of composing machine manufacturers that is under independent British ownership. It could not have come about if single-type mechanical composition had not long before established itself in Great Britain as the most economical way of setting books. Single type gives the designer a fair chance both in roman and in italic.

So these will not be Barren Leaves if they fairly represent the normal trade books of this country. *Fructus inter folia*; amongst these clustered Leaves you will find some of the Fruits of typographic progress in the twentieth century.

#### A NOTE ON THE TYPOGRAPHY OF THESE "PRELIMS"

You will note that we have set each of the pages of this introduction in a different "book" type face. We should now explain why the index entries on the section titles are set in a jobbing face that is unsuitable for book use.

Every face meant for continuous armchair reading must have serifs (terminal strokes, to give uprights their full optical value and to help link letters into words); and no good book face is of "monotone thickness", because thickening-and-thinning allows for quickest recognition of whole words at a glance. But there are dozens of different ways of cutting serifs, and very many ways of thickening and thinning—and a good deal of the distinctive "flavour" of a type face depends on those two factors. In order that you may taste these differences more shrewdly, we have set all the section-index entries in that well-known jobbing face, "Monotype" Gill Sans, which has *no* serifs at all, and *no* perceptible thinned-strokes.

We need not remind any experienced typographer of any of the following facts which must be taken in account in selecting a type face.

The relative "tones" of different type faces, from not-too-light to not-too-heavy, can be fairly seen only by comparing specimens printed with the same ink (and inking) on the same finish and tone of paper. These factors accounted for, the range of tones begins with Caslon, which was meant to "pick up colour" on damp hand-made paper under heavy pressure, and ends with Plantin 110, the first face ever designed to resist the thinning effect of coated stock. Leaded type looks lighter (and a little smaller) than solid of the same fount.

The relative legibility (physical ease of reading at a given distance) of different faces depends, not so much on the body size used as on the "appearing" size:

12 pt.

xlyxly

Appearing 12 pt.

xlyxly

Thus when a fount is cast on a larger body with alternative long-descenders (when they exist), it does not alter the "appearing" size of the fount.

SEE "POSTSCRIPT" ON FINAL SHEET : FURTHER ALBUMS ARE IN ACTIVE PREPARATION



I LEAVES OUT OF TYPICAL BOOKS IN

# 'Monotype' Bembo 270

- (1) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from one of the re-styled eighteenpenny "Nelson Classics", which are standardized to "Monotype" Bembo.  
F. J. C. Hearnshaw: *Development of Political Ideas*. Printed by and for Messrs. Nelson.
- (2) ELEVEN Pt. VERSE: a leaf from the new *Cassell's Anthology of English Poetry* (478 pp. 6s.).  
Edited by Margaret and Desmond Flower. Printed by Messrs. Morrison & Gibb for Messrs. Cassell.
- (3) TEN Pt. in a leaf from *The Dragon Book* (368 pp., many illustrations, 7s. 6d.).  
Edited by E. D. Edwards. Published by Messrs. Wm. Hodge. Printed by Messrs. Morrison & Gibb.
- (4) THIRTEEN Pt. in a leaf from an illustrated Juvenile.  
J. D. Prentice: *Teddy's Story*. Printed by Messrs. J. & J. Gray for Messrs. Lovat Dickson.
- (5) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from *Britain and the Dictators* (460 pp.).  
by R. W. Seton-Watson. Printed and published by the Cambridge University Press.
- (6) TWELVE Pt. in Messrs. Faber's *Collected Essays in Literary Criticism* by Herbert Read.  
Just published. Printed by Messrs. Latimer Trend. Quoted verse in italic.
- (7) THIRTEEN Pt. in a leaf from one of last year's "50 Books". *Siamese White*  
by Maurice Collis. Printed by Messrs. MacLehose for Messrs. Faber & Faber.
- (8) SIXTEEN Pt. in an offprint leaf (printed, like the book, by hand on Basingwerk Parchment by the High House Press) of a "fine edition" at 8s. 6d.  
*Old English Wines and Cordials*. Compiled, printed and published by James Masters.
- (9) FOURTEEN Pt. in a leaf from Messrs. Macmillan's Sussex Edition of the *Complete Works* of Rudyard Kipling. From "over" sheets of this famous limited edition, kindly contributed by the publishers.  
Printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark. Hand-made paper.

"Monotype" Bembo retains its extraordinary beauty on every paper surface. Thirty-one lines of 12 pt. to 20 ems would contain about 1,612 characters.





all, belonging to the Stoic school—applied the principles of philosophy to the practice of the Roman Law. In particular they used the Stoic idea of a supreme and authoritative *Jus Naturale*—really the dictates of an educated conscience and a sanctified common sense—to purify and exalt the Roman *Jus Civile*, and to extend the prætorian *Jus Gentium*. The principles of the *Jus Naturale* led necessarily to a mitigation of the rigours of slavery, for, as Ulpian remarked, “according to the Law of Nature, all men are equal.” It led, too, to the alleviation of the horrors of war, to the elevation of family life, to the diffusion of property, and to an important assertion of the popular source of the imperial authority.

### CHAPTER III

## THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH

### § 1. *The Politics of the New Testament*

THE Emperor Constantine, in the year A.D. 313, recognized Christianity as a legal religion in the Roman Empire. During the three centuries which had intervened between the time of Christ and that momentous date the Christian Church had passed through some strange vicissitudes. We can distinguish four main periods, which we will call, and broadly define as, the periods centring in (1) Jerusalem to A.D. 50, (2) Antioch A.D. 50-150, (3) Alexandria A.D. 150-250, and (4) Rome A.D. 250-313.

In the first period—that of Christ and the Twelve—a supreme indifference to politics, as to all things terrestrial, marked the attitude of the little band, both Master and Disciples. Their concern was not with the seen and temporal, but



30. *Sonnet from 'Phyllis'*

My Phillis hath the morning sun,  
 At first to look upon her.  
 And Phillis hath morn-waking birds,  
 Her risings for to honour.  
 My Phyllis hath prime-feather'd flowers,  
 That smile when she treads on them,  
 And Phillis' hath a gallant flock,  
 That leaps since she doth own them.  
 But Phillis hath so hard a heart,  
 Alas that she should have it.  
 As yields no mercy to desert,  
 Nor grace to those that crave it :  
 Sweet sun when thou lookest on,  
 Pray her regard my moan.  
 Sweet birds when you sing to her,  
 To yield some pity woo her.  
 Sweet flowers whenas she treads on,  
 Tell her, her beauty deads one :  
 And if in life her love, she nill agree me,  
 Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

31.

Accursed be love and they that trust his trains ;  
 He tastes the fruit, whilst others toil :  
 He brings the lamp, we lend the oil :  
 He sows distress, we yield him soil :  
 He wageth war, we bide the foil :  
 Accursed be love, and those that trust his trains :  
 He lays the trap, we seek the snare :  
 He threat'neth death, we speak him fair :  
 He coins deceits, we foster care :  
 He favoureth pride, we count it rare.

Accursed be love, and those that trust his trains,  
He seemeth blind, yet wounds with Art :  
He vows content, he pays with smart :  
He swears relief, yet kills the heart :  
He calls for truth, yet scorns desert.  
Accursed be love, and those that trust his trains,  
Whose heaven, is hell ; whose perfect joys, are pains.

GEORGE PEELE

32. *Sonnet*

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,  
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing,  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,  
But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing :  
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,  
Duty, faith, love, are roots and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms,  
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
And feed on prayers which are Age's alms,  
But though from court to cottage he depart,  
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,  
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,  
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'  
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,  
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

A THOUSAND DAYS AT HOME ARE LESS DIFFICULT  
THAN AN HOUR ABROAD

A TRAVELLER engaged a boat to take him down the river and arranged that the boatman's wife should cook for him. He measured out the rice for his first meal and saw the woman help herself to a bowlful and hide it away before putting the remainder on to boil. The traveller began to talk to himself aloud under the awning : 'Truly a thousand days abroad are to be preferred to one hour at home,' he exclaimed.

The boatman's wife lifted her head. 'Sir, you have the proverb wrong,' she corrected. 'It runs thus : "a thousand days at home are less difficult than an hour abroad."'

'Since you know the proverb so well,' retorted the traveller, 'perhaps you'll put that bowl of rice back and not add to the difficulties of my hours abroad by starving me.'

THE AUDIENCE

A SCHOLAR with his lute stopped in a busy market-place and began to play. A large crowd quickly gathered, but when they realized that the player was performing classical music which they could neither enjoy nor understand they soon melted away, leaving only one man, who stood by till the end of the piece. The scholar turned to his audience : 'Sir,' said he, 'I appreciate your attention, and I see that you appreciate good music.'

'Well,' returned the other, 'I don't understand that stuff any more than anybody else, and I should have been gone long since, but the table your lute is on is mine, and I can't go home without it.'

BAD GOVERNMENT

WHEN Confucius was travelling through a wild district he one day heard a woman wailing and sent one of his disciples to inquire the



cause of her grief. She paused in her weeping to explain that her father-in-law, her husband and her son had in turn been killed by a tiger which haunted that place. 'Then why do you stay here?' asked the messenger in surprise. 'Because there is no bad government here,' replied the woman simply. 'Alas!' said Confucius, on hearing the explanation, 'bad government is more destructive than tigers.'



#### THE BARBER

A BARBER's apprentice shaving the head of a young client clumsily cut his scalp. When he had done this several times he threw down the razor and refused to proceed. His master demanded the reason. 'He's too young, and his skin's tender,' said the assistant pettishly. 'Let him come back when he is older and his skin has had time to get tough.'

#### THE BEAR

AN emperor of the Han period went one day to the menagerie to see the tigers fight. Suddenly a bear got loose, and climbed over the railing. The attendants and courtiers all, with one exception, fled. One of the concubines rushed out and stood between the emperor and the bear until the attendants dispatched it with their cudgels.

'Why were you alone not terrified?' the emperor asked her when all was quiet again. 'I knew that he would be satisfied if he caught one person,' she replied, 'and I was afraid he might attack Your Majesty.' The emperor's respect and esteem for the lady was doubled.

seconds before. The tail end of an English halloo was ringing in the air and an English archer was standing shoulder-high in the bushes just opposite the spot where his arrow had struck.

Teddy cursed to himself as he shivered in the cold burn water. His lovely string of fish was lying out of reach and all hope of a peaceful supper was disappearing fast. One English archer probably meant that there were many more in the vicinity, and this particular one was between him and his friends, who must be warned at once. He prayed that the man might have taken him for some wild animal and would, therefore, not connect him with the remainder of his party, but almost at once he was to be sadly disillusioned.

As he watched, a second archer came wading through the bushes towards the first.

"What did ye holla for, Will?" he asked. "Our orders were to hunt naught but human game to-day."

"Aye! but I've seen something more than human", said the first man. "'Twas none other, I swear, than that small wizard bear Hal told us of last night, who gave them such a fall and saved the red-haired girl when they all but had their hands on her. And wizard he is for certain, for I loosed on him with naught but the stream between us, yet my arrow passed through him and did no harm."

"Men lie as much about their shooting as they do about their fishing", thought Teddy; but Will was speaking again as the two men moved slowly up the bank towards him.

"Hie you quickly to John of Newton, for we must search this valley for those who were with the wizard", he was saying. "My lord has promised a great reward to the man who brings them to him. I will stay here and,



should that bear appear again, I have an arrow with a silver point will end his spells for ever."

Teddy was desperate. Both men held strung bows in their hands. In a few more strides they were bound to see him, and he was too far from cover to be able to reach it before they had time to loose their arrows. Of course he could have called the eagle down to carry him away, but he hated the thought of deserting his friends at such a time. As he tried hard to think of some solution he felt a stone beneath his right paw move as he put his weight upon it. It was a nice round stone and fitted his paw perfectly, and with the feel of it his confidence returned.

He waited till the tops of the men's caps were just appearing over his boulder. He had already dragged himself round to the upstream side and found a steady footing in the shallow water there. Now with one swift motion he came to his feet and sent the stone flying at the second archer's face. The man had turned his head at the sound of splashing and the stone took him fairly on the point of the chin. His head snicked back, his knees sagged beneath him and he crumpled to the ground, knocked out as cleanly as was ever a prize-fighter by an old-fashioned uppercut.

Teddy had jumped forward almost in the act of throwing, and before Will could fit an arrow to it, his bow-string was cut and sharp teeth had sunk into his ankle. He dropped the useless bow and grabbed a knife, but a quick wrench from Teddy sent him over on his back and, leaving him to wake the echoes with his yells, the bear dived into the bushes.

The whole of the upper end of the glen awoke to life in answer to Will's shouts. Men came running from all directions but, as Teddy had hoped they would do, they

and Russia:<sup>1</sup> and when this too became known through Bolshevik revelations, a redivision on paper was agreed upon between the Allied Premiers at St Jean de Maurienne in April 1917. By this convention, if possible even more reprehensible than that of London, Italy was to receive not only Adalia, which her forgetful allies had already conceded by the Treaty of London, but also the vilayet of Smyrna. The result was that her claims came into direct conflict with both Yugoslav and Greek aspirations towards national unity. The grave reverse of Caporetto had produced a more reasonable frame of mind in Italy and the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities which was held on the Roman Capitol in April 1918, and played so notable a part in preparing the downfall of Austria-Hungary, was based above all upon a friendly reconciliation of Yugoslav and Italian national claims along the coast, expressed in terms clearly incompatible with the secret treaty. But for reasons which cannot be particularised here, the precise terms of the agreement had not yet been worked out when peace came: and intoxicated by victory and angered at what she felt to be inadequate Allied recognition of her contribution to the final result, Italy reverted to a demand for the exact fulfilment of the Treaty of London; a lively propaganda for the Adriatic as "Mare Nostro" and for the seizure of all Dalmatia (in which less than 20,000 out of 650,000 inhabitants were Italian) was set on foot in Rome: and D'Annunzio and his filibusters raided and held the port of Fiume, which even the Treaty of London had expressly reserved for Croatia.

#### THE ADRIATIC DISPUTE

The Adriatic dispute was one of the thorniest incidents of the whole Peace Conference and led to Italy's temporary withdrawal. President Wilson remained adamant against Italy's claim to Dalmatia, but in the end she retained possession of

<sup>1</sup> The only conceivable excuse for omitting Italy would be that she had not yet fully implemented her own treaty, which pledged her to declare war on Germany (this she did not actually do till 28 August 1916).



territory including Fiume, the whole of Istria and over 600,000 Slavs whom, after an all too brief interlude of liberal promise, she proceeded to Italianise by the most ruthless methods. She also obtained from Wilson the wholly illogical concession of the Brenner frontier, with a similar sacrifice of 200,000 "Germans of the Germans". Her temporary absence from the Conference was skilfully exploited by the Greeks, who won over the Allies to accept their own superior claim to Smyrna: but here an unexpected turn of fortune's wheel enabled the Turks to evict the Greeks and keep the Italians at arm's length, at the price of the final surrender of the Dodecanese.

On a pure basis of nationality and self-determination, Italy had no case whatever against either Yugoslavia or Greece: and the Treaty of London was in many respects the most nakedly Imperialistic of the whole bunch of secret conventions. But for this the Allies were equally, if not more, to blame: they had undertaken commitments which could not be reconciled with their public pledges, yet they were not prepared to take the only honourable course, namely to provide the compensation to which Italy was legally entitled out of their own property, instead of that of others. If we sum up the resultant situation, as it affected Italy, we find that she was deprived of Dalmatia (except Zara) but consoled herself by seizing and holding on to Fiume until Wilson's term of office ended and Yugoslavia had to come to terms; that Wilson, without consulting the Allies, promised the Brenner frontier to Italy, in direct contravention of his own Point Nine; that she had to renounce her designs upon Asia Minor, while rendering her occupation of the Dodecanese permanent;<sup>1</sup> that the Allies skilfully took advantage of her absence from the Conference to pass her over in the assignment of the various colonial mandates: and that, at any rate for the time being, nothing was heard of territorial

<sup>1</sup> One day after the Treaty of Versailles Italy signed a direct treaty with Greece, by which, in return for Greek support in other directions, she agreed to cede the islands, retaining Rhodes for fifteen years and then ceding it also if Britain ceded Cyprus. But if she did not receive satisfaction in Asia Minor, she could resume "full liberty of action", and this is what occurred.



rather like our Sir Philip Sidney, we ought to pay special attention to his analysis. His two *Discours* expound the Greek conception of glory, and all he asks is that he may speak to his friend on this subject as he would have been able to speak to an Athenian of the time of Themistocles and of Socrates. Vauvenargues was writing in the eighteenth century in the full blast of La Rochefoucauld's cynicism, in an age whose prudent egotism found memorable expression in the verse of an English poet:

*The paths of glory lead but to the grave.*

—a sentiment which Vauvenargues had anticipated and for which he provided the right retort:

'A la mort, dit-on, que sert la gloire? Je réponds: Que sert la fortune? que vaut la beauté? Les plaisirs et la vertu même ne finissent-ils pas avec la vie? La mort nous ravit nos honneurs, nos trésors, nos joies, nos délices, et rien ne nous suit au tombeau. Mais de là qu'osons-nous conclure? sur quoi fondons-nous nos discours? Le temps où nous ne serons plus est-il notre objet? Qu'importe au bonheur de la vie ce que nous pensons à la mort? Que peuvent, pour adoucir la mort, la mollesse, l'intempérance ou l'obscurité de la vie?'

How strange it is, he says, that we should have to incite men to glory and prove to them beforehand its advantages!

'Cette fort et noble passion, cette source ancienne et féconde des vertus humaines, qui a fait sortir le monde de la barbarie et porté les arts à leur perfection, maintenant n'est plus regardée que comme une erreur imprudente et une éclatante folie. Les hommes se sont lassés de la vertu; et, ne voulant plus qu'on les trouble dans leur dépravation et leur mollesse, ils se plaignent que la gloire se donne au crime hardi et heureux, et n'orne jamais le mérite. Ils sont sur cela dans l'erreur; et, quoi qu'il leur paraisse, le vice n'obtient point d'hommage réel.'

The *Discours* from which these passages are quoted is a noble piece of eloquence, itself expressing the noblest attitude of mind. The essential argument is that glory and virtue are

interdependent; one cannot exist without the other. The more virtue men have, the more they are entitled to glory; and the nearer glory is to them, the more they like it, the more they want it, the more they feel its reality. But when virtue has degenerated; when talent or strength is lacking; when levity and ease govern all other passions—then glory seems a long way off; you cannot count on it, or cultivate it, so finally men come to regard it as a dream, and ignore it. It is much better that we should allow ourselves to be led astray by this sentiment. What does it matter if we are deceived since in the process we gain talent, feeling, sensibility? What does it matter if we never attain our end, if on the way we gather such noble flowers, if even in adversity our conscience is serener than that of men merely viciously happy? We are reminded again of Unamuno, who expresses almost precisely similar thoughts in the book from which I have already quoted:

'Heroic or saintly life has always followed in the wake of glory, temporal or eternal, earthly or celestial. Believe not those who tell you they seek to do good for its own sake, without hope of reward; if that were true, their souls would be like bodies without weight, purely apparitional. To preserve and multiply the human race there was given us the instinct and sentiment of love between man and woman; to enrich it with grand deeds there was given us the thirst for glory.'

Again and again these two authors, so typical of the spirit of their diverse countries, reinforce one another. In the *Introduction à la Connaissance de l'Esprit Humain* Vauvenargues speaks of this same sense of the ineluctability of glory:

'La gloire nous donne sur les cœurs une autorité naturelle qui nous touche sans doute autant que nulle de nos sensations, et nous étourdit plus sur nos misères qu'une vaine dissipation: elle est donc réelle en tous sens.

'Ceux qui parlent de son néant inévitable soutiendraient peut-être avec peine le mépris ouvert d'un seul homme. Le vide des grandes passions est rempli par le grand nombre des



## *White Makes Hay*

Summing up, at the turn of the year '86-87 White had three frigates, the 'Resolution' (Captain Leslie), the 'Revenge' (Captain English) and the 'Dorothy' (Captain Crop-ley), the last supported by the sloop 'Robin', prowling about the bay with wide commissions to seize all they met. Simultaneously he had out his merchantmen, armed in the fashion of the day, namely, the 'Delight' on business to Pondicherry, the 'Satisfaction' to Mocha, the 'Derrea Dowlat' to Acheen, with the 'New Jerusalem' and the 'Sancta Cruz', the destination of which I have not found. Add the little vessels, the 'Mary' and the 'Success', and there is a grand total of eleven ships. White had become a very big man. At the moment he seemed to be able to do what he liked. As far as the East India Company was concerned, it was bluff; he had no intention of fighting them openly, if he could possibly avoid it. But he wished that he knew more exactly what was going on in Madras and London.

Phaulkon had written him a letter in December warning him that information received at Ayudhya suggested that the Company would attempt a stroke against Mergui. White was advised to send out no merchantmen, for Phaulkon believed the Company had decided to seize any such as prizes against the damages they had sustained. And as for men-of-war, wrote Phaulkon: 'Whatsoever Frigatts went out on a design against the Enemy should be so well equipt, as to be able to encounter any force the Company could make against them.' Phaulkon was so apprehensive that he advised the transfer of the royal merchandise in the warehouses of Mergui inland to Tenasserim. He counted on French reinforcements later to enable him to show a bolder face.

But White did not accept this advice. He believed, and wrote to tell Phaulkon so, that Madras could not



## *White Makes Hay*

break openly with Siam at once. They would have to get sanction from the directors and that would take time. All accounts suggested that they were busy with operations of some kind in India. He believed there was time enough; merchantmen were still safe, there was money still to be made.

So the month of January passed. Davenport became more and more anxious to be gone. He was certain the crash would come sooner than White believed; the pace was too hot. He went to White again and asked to be allowed to depart on a ship then clearing for India.

WHITE: 'Can you be so unkind as to leave me now when I have nobody but yourself who can assist me in my business or keep me company?'

Again Davenport consented to stay, but positively for one month more only.

He began to notice a deterioration in White, that blunting of the better feelings which is the disease of absolute power. There was an unpleasant instance of this on the 12th of January. A Mahomedan came up for trial before the Siamese magistrate on a charge of having broken into the godown under White's house the previous May. There was no evidence and the man was about to be discharged, when White sent down a request that he should be detained in custody a further ten days, pending additional enquiries. The magistrate, overshadowed by the great Shāhbandar, complied. The man, however, escaped from prison and fled to Tenasserim. He was pursued by the Shāhbandar's order and brought back. They took him directly before White, who happened to be in a very bad humour at the moment. Turning upon the unfortunate man in a blind rage, he ordered a policeman to decapitate him. The Indian's relations and friends begged for mercy, gro-



## OF ENGLISH WINES

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### *To make Gooseberry Wine*

Gather your Gooseberries in dry Wheather, when they are half ripe, pick them and bruise them in a Tub, with a Wooden-Mallet or other such like Instrument, for no Metal is proper; then take about the Quantity of a Peck of the bruised Gooseberries, put them into a Cloth made of Horse-hair, and press them as much as possible, without breaking the Seeds; repeat this Work 'till all your Gooseberries are press'd and adding to this press'd Juice the other which



you will find in the Tub, add to every Gallon three Pounds of Powder Sugar, for *Lisbon* Sugar will give the Wine a Taste which may be disagreeable to some People, and besides, it will sweeten much more than the dry Powder; stir this together 'till the Sugar is dissolved, and then put it in a Vessel or Cask, which must be quite fill'd with it. If the Vessel holds about ten or twelve Gallons, it must stand a Fortnight or three Weeks; or if about twenty Gallons, then about four or five Weeks to settle in a cool Place; then draw off the Wine from the Lee, and after you have discharged the Vessel from the Lees, return the clear Liquor again into the Vessel, and let it stand three Months, if the Cask is about ten Gallons; or between four and five Months, if it be twenty Gallons, and then bottle it off. We must note, that a small Cask of any Liquor is always sooner ripe and fit for drinking than the Liquor of a larger Cask will be; but a small Body of Liquor will sooner change sour, than that which is in a larger Cask. The Wine, if it is truly prepared, according to the above Directions, will improve every Year, and last several Years.



and will laugh at you because you are simple enough to believe them.

As the day wears and the impetus of the morning dies away, there will come upon you an overwhelming sense of the uselessness of your toil. This must be striven against, and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the Devil for the living soul. It is a great, a joyous belief. But he who can hold it unwavering for four-and-twenty consecutive hours must be blessed with an abundantly strong physique and equable nerve.

Ask the grey heads of the Bannockburn Medical Crusade what manner of life their preachers lead; speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow; get a Pastor of the Tübingen Mission to talk of his experiences—if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith, in the wilds; of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever-stricken jungle of the Panth Hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. Few Pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation, and returned half distraught to the Head Mission, crying, "There is no God, but I have walked with the Devil!"

The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as

compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends.

And Gallio, the Assistant Collector of the countryside, 'cared for none of these things.' He had been long in the District, and the Buria Kol loved him and brought him offerings of speared fish, orchids from the dim moist heart of the forests, and as much game as he could eat. In return, he gave them quinine, and with Athon Dazé, the High Priest, controlled their simple policies.

'When you have been some years in the country, said Gallio at the Krenks' table, 'you get to find one creed as good as another. I'll give you all the assistance in my power, of course, but don't hurt my Buria Kol. They are a good people and they trust me.'

'I will them the Word of the Lord teach,' said Justus, his round face beaming with enthusiasm, 'and I will assuredly to their prejudices no wrong hastily without thinking make. But, O my friend, this in the mind impartiality-of-creed-judgment-belooking is very bad.'

'Heigh-ho!' said Gallio. 'I have their bodies and the District to see to, but you can try what you can do for their souls. Only don't behave as your predecessor did, or I'm afraid that I can't guarantee your life.'

'And that?' said Lotte sturdily, handing him a cup of tea.

'He went up to the Temple of Dungara—to be sure, he was new to the country—and began hammering old Dungara over the head with an umbrella; so the







## II LEAVES OUT OF TYPICAL BOOKS IN

# 'Monotype' Fournier 185

- (1) ELEVEN Pt. in a leaf from an important new publication by Messrs. G. Bell: Dean Alington's *The New Testament, a Reader's Guide*.  
420 pp., 5s. Printed by the Cambridge University Press.
- (2) ELEVEN Pt. in a leaf from one of the Chatto & Windus "Zodiac Books", shilling Handsome Reprints in various famous "Monotype" Faces.  
*Love Poems of John Donne*. Printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark.
- (3) TWELVE Pt. (with special shortened capitals, Series 285) in a leaf from a recent B.B.C. shilling publication.  
"National Broadcast Lectures" Series. Printed by the Cambridge University Press. *Biology and Statecraft*, by Sir Walter Morley Fletcher.
- (4) FOURTEEN Pt. in a leaf from *The Unforgotten Years* by Logan Pearsall Smith.  
Published autumn 1938 by Messrs. Constable. Printed by Messrs. Billing & Sons.
- (5) ELEVEN Pt. on 14, in a leaf from Messrs. Constable's edition of Bernard Shaw's Plays.  
Printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark.
- (6) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from Messrs. Longman's first edition of *Edmund Campion*.  
By Evelyn Waugh. A Hawthornden prize-winner and one of the "50 Books" of its year. Since published in Messrs. Longman's "Second Spring" Series at 3s. 6d. Printed by the Whitefriars Press.
- (7) TWELVE Pt. ON 13 Pt., in a leaf from a new book of Messrs. Harrap: *Surgeon Extraordinary*.  
By Loyal Davis, 287 pp. Printed by Messrs. Western Printing Service.  
Differences of leading and paper-tone make an interesting comparison with No. 5.

"Monotype" Fournier achieves "crispness" without dazzle. It is a space-saver: 31 lines of 12 pt. to 20 ems contain about 1,612 characters; 11 pt. same, about 1,705 characters. At its best on m.f. paper, fairly well leaded.





meeting (v. 55) appears to have been a formal one, though the phrase in this verse should be compared with that in xv. 1.

The first charge was based on such words as those recorded in xiii. 2, and to that Christ makes no answer, but when he is distinctly challenged as to his claim to be the Messiah, he repeats and amplifies it, using and applying to himself the words of Dan. vii. 13, 'sitting at the right hand of power' (cf. Ps. cx. 1).

This was undoubtedly blasphemy in Jewish ears, and the formal sentence of death which was pronounced was not illegal, though the Jews had no power to execute it. The covering of the face (omitted by Matthew) is explained by Luke with reference to the word 'prophesy': as it stands in Mark it seems to have no particular meaning, for the 'prophesying' of which he speaks means apparently the giving of more prophecies such as that concerning the Temple. It is a pity that the R.V. has altered 'palms of their hands' to blows, for the word means blows with the open hand as opposed to the fist.

The story of Peter's Denial (vv. 66-72) is told in greater detail by St John (xviii. 15 ff.) as a connected story: in St Mark we see him following 'even within, into the court' (v. 54), 'beneath in the court' (v. 66), and in 'the forecourt' (rather than 'porch'). Various interpretations have been given to the participle in v. 72: besides those given in text and margin, two are worth mention: 'throwing his cloak over his head', and 'casting himself on the ground'.

The Trial before Pilate (xv. 1-15) begins with what is apparently a more formal meeting of the Sanhedrin to decide on the charge to be preferred: this was, as v. 2 shows, a political charge, though it is hardly to be doubted that further charges of blasphemy were men-



tioned. St Mark's account shows no sign of special information such as that to which St Luke appears to have had access, but their stories are in no way inconsistent. Jesus' answer, 'Thou sayest it' implies an appeal to Pilate to realize the obvious absurdity of the charge of treason. It is only in Mark that the initiative in asking for the release of Barabbas appears to come from the crowd who 'went up' (i.e. upstairs), v. 8, to present this demand to the governor in person. The scourging ordered in v. 15 was apparently a normal part of the sentence of crucifixion.

The Crucifixion (vv. 16-41) is preceded by the mocking of 'the whole band' of soldiers (which is a vague expression not involving a large number): their horseplay in the Praetorium or court of Herod's palace took an obvious form in the case of one condemned as a pretended king: their 'worship' implies mocking prostration.

The detailed mention of Simon, whose family Mark clearly knew (v. 21), suggests that he may well have been the informant from whom he derived his knowledge of particular events. The gift of 'wine mingled with myrrh' offered (v. 23) was intended as an act of mercy to deaden the pain: it is characteristic of Mark's honesty that it is not omitted. He is the only Evangelist who notes the hour of the Crucifixion, 9 a.m.: it was probably fixed by Pilate in his sentence, which explains the interval during which the soldiers had charge of the prisoner. The 'robbers' crucified with him would be better described as 'brigands'.

The darkness was presumably only 'over the whole land' of Judaea. The cry from the cross must surely have been 'Eli', not 'Eloi', which no one could have mistaken for 'Elijah'. It is remarkable that a Roman soldier, who is apparently nearest, should have taken any interest in

Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
 Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?  
 Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
 Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now;  
 'Tis true, then learn how false, fears be;  
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,  
 Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

THE BROKEN HEART

He is stark mad, who ever says,  
 That he hath been in love an hour,  
 Yet not that love so soon decays,  
 But that it can ten in less space devour;  
 Who will believe me, if I swear  
 That I have had the plague a year?  
 Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,  
 I saw a flask of powder burn a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,  
 If once into love's hands it come!  
 All other griefs allow a part  
 To other griefs, and ask themselves but some;  
 They come to us, but us Love draws,  
 He swallows us, and never chaws:  
 By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die,  
 He is the tyrant Pike, our hearts the Fry.



J O H N   D O N N E

If 'twere not so, what did become  
Of my heart, when I first saw thee!  
I brought a heart into the room,  
But from the room, I carried none with me:  
If it had gone to thee, I know  
Mine would have taught thine heart to show  
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,  
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,  
Nor any place be empty quite,  
Therefore I think my breast hath all  
Those pieces still, though they be not unite;  
And now as broken glasses show  
A hundred lesser faces, so  
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,  
But after one such love, can love no more.

T H E   B A I T

C O M E live with me, and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run  
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sun.

school or university education at home, have only in the rarest instances had any grounding themselves in the methods and results of natural science. The evil is aggravated again because in India there is no ready access, as there is here, to any powerful and independent body of scientific opinion like that of the Royal Society. In questions of business and finance the Government of India has the benefit of constant criticism from the commercial communities, both Indian and European, of Calcutta and Bombay. But no similar independent help in matters of science is available. In the Indian Universities mere book-learning and the literary and legal traditions have been too long enthroned, to the impoverishment of the imaginative, experimental and constructive faculties. Our scientific experts in India are themselves subordinates in the public service, and however strong their case may be when it has been conveyed through a lay secretary and has been expressed in Council on their behalf by the lay Minister, it must often lose force by appearing to be a sectional claim for the enlargement of a given service or the expression of some personal ambition. It must be remembered also that if the highest position the public servant in the scientific fields can reach in India is only that in which he can give advice through a lay secretary and a lay Minister to a non-scientific Council, and if, unlike his colleagues in the legal and financial fields of administration, he can never hope

to reach a seat on the Council himself, this destroys what might be a strong incentive to any ambitious youth considering whether he shall give his scientific life-work to India.

In spite of the absence of that incentive, the scientific services in India have done remarkable work. The Indian Medical Service in particular has a record of many-sided and fertile performance unequalled by any State service of its kind in the world. If this, with its sister scientific services, had enjoyed its proper partnership in the government of India, we might now be looking with far greater gratification upon our record there. There is a good deal to disquiet us. Modern developments in the science of nutrition have probably more to give to India, both for the guidance of agriculture and the health of the people, than to any other part of the Empire. Yet for the past fifteen years or more there has only been one man in the whole of India seriously working at the subject. The Manson-Ross discovery of the mode of transmission of malaria was made in the last century, yet there is more rather than less malaria in India to-day. That subject demands patient and sustained effort by a body of trained investigators, but such a body has never been organised, and no steady effort has been made to attract and train recruits. Modern science, again, has given complete means both of preventing and of curing hookworm disease, but no policy has been



motto has always been the wise one of Aristippus of Cyrene, ἔχω, οὐκ ἔχομαι, *habeo, non habeor*, or, to translate it into idiomatic English, "I am taken by these things, but they do not take me in," and to sacrifice one's life for them seems to me absurd.

But if my choice of poverty on this occasion was, I feel, a wise one, I also feel that it was something like madness for my father to offer it to me as he did. I had shown no particular love of study, no intellectual brilliance of any kind; my mental development was slow and backward, and the one story I had written, though it moved my father, was surely a most flimsy basis on which to build any hopes for literary success.

Nevertheless I left the New York warehouse without misgivings, and after a few months in Philadelphia we all sailed for Europe and the unknown. This was for both my father and myself our ultimate jaunt across the Atlantic. Our family had been gazing for long across the Atlantic. They had crossed the ocean for religious motives; and when those motives ceased to exist, they had no reason for remaining in a land in which they were essentially aliens.

Like so many English families settled on the Eastern coast of America, they had really remained in England all the time. The Burlington families were almost all Royalists, and I think we sailed with the ghostly blessings of all those other book-loving, poverty-stricken Smiths from an America to which they had been exiled for so long.

## PREFACE

private fortunes for themselves, or making mischief between nations through the Press to stimulate the private trade in armaments. Such limited liability no longer exists in Russia, and is not likely to exist in the future in any highly civilized state. It may be quite impossible to convict a forestaller or regrator under a criminal code of having taken a single illegal step, but quite easy to convince any reasonable body of judges that he is what the people call "a wrong one." In Russia such a conviction would lead to his disappearance and the receipt by his family of a letter to say that they need not wait up for him, as he would not return home any more.<sup>1</sup> In our country he would enjoy his gains in high honor and personal security, and thank his stars that he lived in a free country and not in Communist Russia.

But as the new tribunal has been forced on Russia by pressure of circumstances and not planned and thought out at leisure, the two institutions, the Ogpu and the ordinary police administering the criminal code, work side by side, with the odd result that the surest way to escape the Ogpu is to commit an ordinary crime and take refuge in the arms of the police and the magistrate, who cannot exterminate you because capital punishment has been abolished in Russia (liquidation by the Ogpu is not punishment: it is only "weeding the garden"); and the sentence of imprisonment, though it may seem severe to us in view of the cruelty of our treatment of criminals, will be carried out with comparative leniency, and probably, if the culprit behaves well, be remitted after a while. As four years imprisonment is considered enough for any reasonable sort of murder, a cornerer who finds himself in imminent danger of detection and liquidation by the Ogpu would be well advised to lose his temper and murder his mother-in-law, thereby securing a lease of life for at least four years.

Sooner or later this situation will have to be thoroughly studied and thought out to its logical conclusion in all civilized

<sup>1</sup> Note, however, that a sentence of extermination should never be so certain as to make it worth the delinquent's while to avoid arrest by murdering his or her pursuers.



## ON THE ROCKS

countries. The lists of crimes and penalties will obsolesce like the doctors' lists of diseases and medicines; and it will become possible to be a judge without ceasing to be a Christian. And extermination, my present subject, will become a humane science instead of the miserable mixture of piracy, cruelty, vengeance, race conceit, and superstition it now is.

### NATURAL LIMIT TO EXTERMINATION

Fortunately the more frankly and realistically it is faced the more it detaches itself from the associations with crude slaughter which now make it terrible. When Charlemagne founded the Holy Roman Empire (as far as anyone can be said to have founded it) he postulated that all its subjects must be Catholic Christians, and made an amateurish attempt to secure this condition of social stability by killing everyone who fell into his power and refused to be baptized. But he cannot ever have got very far with it, because there is one sort of bird you must not kill on any pretext whatever: namely, the goose that lays the golden eggs. In Russia the Soviet Government began by a Charlemagnesque attempt to exterminate the bourgeoisie by classing them as intelligentsia, restricting their rations, and putting their children at the foot of the overcrowded educational list. They also proscribed the kulak, the able, hardheaded, hard-fisted farmer who was richer than his neighbors and liked to see them poorer than himself. Him they rudely took by the shoulders and threw destitute into the lane. There were plausible reasons for this beginning of selection in population; for the moral outlook of the bourgeoisie and the kulaks was dangerously anti-social. But the results were disastrous. The bourgeoisie contained the professional class and the organizing business class. Without professional men and business organizers nothing could be done in the industries; and the hope that picked members of the proletariat could take up professional and organizing work on the strength of their native talent in sufficient numbers was crushingly disappointed. When the kulak was

structible, of such transcendent value that, once it was held, all other possessions became a mere encumbrance—was unknown to them; in rare, pensive moments shadows loomed and flickered across their minds, sentiment, conscience, fear of the unknown; some years Leicester patronised the Catholics, at others “the Family of Love”; Elizabeth looked now on the crucifix, now on a talisman; Bible and Demonology lay together beside her bed. What correspondence, even in their charity, could they have with Campion?

He returned to the Tower, and, five days later, Leicester and Burghley signed the warrant to put him to the torture.

From now until December 1st, when he was dragged out to Tyburn, Campion disappeared from the world. He was seen again at the Conference in September with the Anglican clergy, and at his trial in November, but of the agony and endurance of those four months we have only hints and fragments of information. The little that we know was hidden from his contemporaries, and rumour was busy with his name.

First it was said that he had turned Protestant, had accepted a bishopric, and was about to make a public avowal of his apostasy and burn the *Ten Reasons* at St. Paul's Cross. Hopton himself seems to have been responsible for this report, and so authoritatively that it was made an official announcement at many of the pulpits of London. Then it was said that he had taken his own life; then that he had purchased his safety by accusing

his former friends of treason. No one was allowed to see him. All over the country gentlemen were being arrested and charged with Catholicism on Campion's authority. His friends were thrown into despair and shame. The Protestants taunted them with their champion's treachery. Then he reappeared, at the Conferences, at his trial, at Tyburn. In those brief glimpses they recognised the man whom they had known and trusted, the old gentleness, the old inflexible constancy. Opinion veered again; the confessions were challenged and could not be produced. They were denounced as forgeries. Only in recent years, when the archives are open and the bitter passions still, can we begin to pierce the subterranean gloom and guess at the atrocious secrets of the torture chamber.

Two things seem certain, that Campion told something and that he told very little. The purpose of his captors was to make him convict himself and his friends of treason, and in this they failed absolutely. Hardened criminals, at the mere sight of the rack, would break down and testify to whatever their gaolers demanded. Campion, the gentle scholar, was tortured on three occasions<sup>2</sup> and said nothing that was untrue; nothing to which he was bound in secrecy by the seal of confession; nothing which, in the actual event, brought disaster to anyone. He seems, however, to have made certain admissions with which his scrupulous conscience, always more ready with accusation than with excuse, troubled him on the scaffold.

These all dealt with the hospitality he had received



end-to-end union of the intestine the Murphy button is certainly inferior to Denans' procedure because the lumen of the connecting part is not large enough as a temporary outlet for the intestinal contents above the seat of operation. The size of the button is also a very serious objection. I have operated for intestinal obstruction produced by gallstones less than an inch in diameter which have become impacted in the lower end of the ileum, and other surgeons will recall similar instances. Keen gives the post-mortem record of a case of malignant disease of the colon in which an anastomosis was established by using a Murphy button one inch in diameter. The patient survived the operation forty-seven days. The anastomotic opening had become reduced by one-half in size by contraction during this time. If this warning of so eminent a surgeon foreshadows the final verdict of the profession in regard to the use of the button for anastomotic purposes it will never come into use in end-to-end approximation."

Senn's statements carried great weight with the medical profession throughout the country, and particularly in Chicago. Those who disliked, distrusted, or were envious of Murphy were quick to applaud. After all, Senn had earned his spurs. He was no quack—no button-inventor. He was a brilliant surgical technician. As a doctor during the Civil War he had achieved a brilliant reputation; he had been acclaimed an international figure for the presentation of his classic experiments upon peritonitis before the International Medical Congress in Moscow. While the careful, methodical Fenger would require two or three hours for the removal of tuberculous glands of the neck, Senn would complete the dissection in less than thirty minutes. Not only was he Chicago's leading surgeon, he was the foremost surgical teacher in the Middle West; his clinics were well attended by his professional colleagues as well as by students. But, as proof of his carelessness in operating, his former interns said

that when he showed his cases in clinic he would wipe off the pus and say, "Just a little primary wound secretion."

Senn had devised, used, and cast aside bone discs for use in the anastomosis of the gastro-intestinal tract and was a strong advocate of anastomosis by the use of sutures. Invariably in his clinic his surgical nurse would hand him a sterilized Murphy button for use, and each time Senn would throw it dramatically on the floor before proceeding with his operation. This pettiness in Senn reveals the truth: his fight against the Murphy button really was a fight against Murphy. Senn used his classroom and his position as President of the American Medical Association to belittle and decry Murphy through the latter's famous button. To say that Senn's influence was wide is an under-statement. Through the pages of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* he reached every civilized country in the world. And J.B. felt it and was hurt, but he never lowered himself by publicly resenting the attacks made upon him. Nettie was the only living being to whom he gave vent to his feelings. His wounds, his depression, his anger, he brought home to her, and she tried everything she knew to keep up his *moral*, to strengthen his self-confidence. It was difficult at times because J.B. wanted terribly to be liked, to be admired and respected; and yet all about him his colleagues were whispering against him. No matter how hard he worked, no matter how much he smiled, the glaring fact faced him everywhere: he was not liked by the doctors of his own city. Nettie had to remind him of St Matthew's record of Christ's teaching: "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house." She counselled him to build his reputation elsewhere, showed him that recognition of his work must come from those not in competition with him. But in spite of her good counsel during this period J.B. was disconsolate and melancholy. All he could do to throw these weights off his mind was work, and he worked as he had never worked







### III LEAVES OUT OF TYPICAL BOOKS IN

# 'Monotype' Bell Series 341

- (1) TEN Pt. in a leaf from the re-styled Oxford "World's Classics" (2s.)

Anthony Trollope: *Phineas Redux*, 440 pp. Printed and published by the Oxford University Press.

- (2) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from *The Life and Adventures of John Nicol*.

Published by Messrs. Cassell. Printed by Messrs. Ebenezer Baylis.

- (3) ELEVEN Pt. in a leaf from the Oxford University Press one-volume "Woodforde" (534 pp. 8 plates, 10s. 6d.)

Passages from the 5 volumes of the *Diary of a Country Parson*, selected and edited by John Beresford.

- (4) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from *Herbals*, by Agnes Arber (326 pp., many illustrations).

Printed and published by the Cambridge University Press.

- (5) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from Messrs. John Miles' illustrated *Eton Portrait*.

By Bernard Fergusson. Printed by the Oxford University Press.

"Monotype" Bell is a favourite of the University Presses both in Great Britain and in America. It is slightly narrower than Baskerville, and the detail of the cutting is refreshingly "tidy". Alternative sorts—

$$\left. \begin{array}{ccccc} C & J & K & Q & R \\ & J & K & & R \\ & & b & k & \end{array} \right\} \text{ are available for } \left\{ \begin{array}{ccccc} C & J & K & Q & R \\ & J & K & & R \\ & & k & h & \end{array} \right.$$

Thirty-one lines of Bell 11 pt. to 20 ems would contain about 1,643 characters.





to some men. It will occur now and again that a regular denizen of Westminster will get a fall in the political hunting-field, and have to remain about the world for a year or two without a seat. That Phineas had lately triumphed over Browborough at Tankerville was known, the event having been so recent; and men congratulated him, talking of poor Browborough,—whose heavy figure had been familiar to them for many a year,—but by no means recognising that the event of which they spoke had been, as it were, life and death to their friend. Roby was there, who was at this moment Mr. Daubeny's head whip and patronage secretary. If any one should have felt acutely the exclusion of Mr. Browborough from the House,—any one beyond the sufferer himself,—it should have been Mr. Roby; but he made himself quite pleasant, and even condescended to be jocose upon the occasion. 'So you've beat poor Browborough in his own borough,' said Mr. Roby.

'I've beat him,' said Phineas; 'but not, I hope, in a borough of his own.'

'He's been there for the last fifteen years. Poor old fellow! He's awfully cut up about this Church Question. I shouldn't have thought he'd have taken anything so much to heart. There are worse fellows than Browborough, let me tell you. What's all this I hear about the Duke poisoning the foxes?' But the crowd had begun to move, and Phineas was not called upon to answer the question.

Copperhouse Cross in the Brake Hunt was a very popular meet. It was easily reached by a train from London, was in the centre of an essentially hunting country, was near to two or three good coverts, and was in itself a pretty spot. Two roads inter-



don Grant

for me

felt so

happy, I was like one bewildered. Did those on shore only experience half the sensations of a sailor at perfect liberty, after being seven years on board ship without a will of his own, they would not blame his eccentricities, but wonder he was not more

sected each on the middle of Copperhouse Common, which, as all the world knows, lies just on the outskirts of Copperhouse Forest. A steep winding hill leads down from the Wood to the Cross, and there is no such thing within sight as an enclosure. At the foot of the hill, running under the wooden bridge, straggles the Copperhouse Brook,—so called by the hunting men of the present day, though men who know the country of old, or rather the county, will tell you that it is properly called the river Cobber, and that the spacious old farm buildings above were once known as the Cobber Manor House. He would be a vain man who would now try to change the name, as Copperhouse Cross has been printed in all the lists of hunting meets for at least the last thirty years; and the Ordnance map has utterly rejected the two b's. Along one of the cross-roads there was a broad extent of common, some seven or eight hundred yards in length, on which have been erected the butts used by those well-known defenders of their country, the Copperhouse Volunteer Rifles; and just below the bridge the sluggish water becomes a little lake, having probably at some time been artificially widened, and there is a little island and a decoy for ducks. On the present occasion carriages were drawn up on all the roads, and horses were clustered on each side of the brook, and the hounds sat stately on their haunches where riflemen actually are used to kneel to fire, and there was a hum of merry voices, and the bright colouring of pink coats, and the sheen of ladies' hunting toilettes, and that mingled look of business and amusement which is so peculiar to our national sports. Two hundred men and women had come there for the chance of a run after a fox,—for a chance against





*I grew old apace and the work became too heavy for me*

I WAS once more my own master, and felt so happy, I was like one bewildered. Did those on shore only experience half the sensations of a sailor at perfect liberty, after being seven years on board ship without a will of his own, they would not blame his eccentricities, but wonder he was not more



foolish. After a few days my cooler reason began to resume its power, and I began to think what should be my after pursuits. It was now seven years since I had been pressed from the Nottingham. In that time the thoughts of Sarah had faded into a distant pleasing dream. The violent desire I at one time felt to repossess her was now softened into a curiosity to know what had become of her.

As I was now possessed of a good deal of pay, and prize-money due, when I received it, I went down by Lincoln to make inquiry, but no one had heard of her since I was there myself, nine years before; so all my inquiries after her terminated; and I proceeded to Scotland, determined to settle, as I was now too old to undertake any more love pilgrimages after an individual, as I knew not in what quarter of the globe she was, or whether she were dead or alive.

I arrived in Edinburgh just twenty-five years after I had left it to wander over the globe. I had been only twice there, once at the end of the American war, when I found my father dead, and my brothers wanderers. After my return from the voyage with Captain Portlock, I remained only a few days, and just passed through the city. When in the Edgar, I never had been on shore. I scarce knew a face in Edinburgh. It had doubled itself in my absence. I now wandered in elegant streets where I had left corn growing;—everything was new to me. I confess, I felt more sincere pleasure and enjoyment in

of Mutton boiled and a Goose. At Quadrille with dummy this evening won 0. 6.

DEC. 25. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. here again. I read Prayers and administered the H. Sacrament this morning at Weston being Christmas Day. My Squire's Lady at Church and at the Sacrament. The Squire was not well enough to attend. Richd. Bates, Richd Buck, (Tom Cary), Tom Carr, Tom Dicker, Tom Cushion and Js Smith my Clerk all dined at my House. I gave each of the poor old Men 1/0, being 0. 7. 0. We had a good piece of rost Beef for dinner and plenty of plumb Puddings. Poor old Tom Cary could not dine here being ill, but he is another day and have 1/0. Gave Nancy this evening for Card Mony etc. as she is going to spend a few days at Mattishall with Mr. and Mrs. Bodham 1. 1. 0.

To Spragg's lame son for a Christmas Carol gave 0. 0. 6.

DEC. 31. I breakfasted, dined, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined etc. here again. To my Malster's Man a Xmas Box gave 0. 1. 0. To Mr. Cary for things from Norwich etc. pd 0. 6. 2. Walked out a coursing this morning with my dogs for four Hours; had a very fine course with one Hare and which we at last killed; saw no other Hare. Betsy Davy was brought this morning on horseback from Hockering to spend a day or two with Nancy. She dined, supped and slept here. Being the last day of the year we sat up this night till after 12 o'clock; drank our Friends health everywhere with many returns of the present season and went to bed.



## 1782

JAN. 4. . . . Busy all the morning in my garden, having enlarged my Pleasure Ground a Trifle by taking in part of the small Field near Goochs House. Nancy sent a Letter to her Father this Evening.



JAN. 7. I breakfasted, dined, supped, and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined &c. here again. To Mr. Cary for things from Norwich &c. pd. 0. 11. 6. To my Servant Man Ben. Legatt paid this morning a Years Wages due to him the 6 Instant 10. 0. 0. To my Senior Maid Elizabeth Claxton paid also this morning a Years Wages due the 6 Instant 5. 15. 6. To My Servant Man Will: Coleman paid this morning a Years Wages due to him the 6 Instant 4. 4. 0. To Ditto also for 20 Coomb of Grains pd. 1. 0. 0. To Ditto also for dressing my Wiggs a year 0. 10. 0. To my under Servant Maid Lizzy Greaves paid this morning also a Years Wages due 6<sup>th</sup> Instant 2. 0. 6. To my Boy, Jack Warton, gave this morning 0. 10. 6. Mr. Cary dined with our Folks to-day. My Taste very indifferent and so it was yesterday at Dinner. Everything tastes very disagreeable to me—I don't know what occasions it unless it is my having taken some Brinstone and Treakle—or having made use of some strong sage Tea every Day about 11. in the Morn' lately, I have also a small Cold, which might be the cause.

JAN. 21. . . . By one and another, hurried all the day long—almost.

JAN. 25. . . . My lower Maid Lizzy went to her Mothers this evening to sleep there, as she has my leave to go with her Mother to-morrow to Norwich to get a pair of Stays for herself.

JAN. 29. I breakfasted, supped and slept again at home. Nancy breakfasted, dined &c. here again. At 12 took a ride to Mr. Custances, stayed and chatted with them near an Hour. From Mr. Custances rode to Hockering to Mr. Howes's being his Rotation to-day and there dined, spent the afternoon and stayed till 9 at Night, with Mr. and Mrs. Howes, Mrs. Davy, the Widow Paine, relict of the late unfortunate Alexander Paine, Mr. Du Quesne, Mr. Bodham and Mr. Smith. We had for Dinner, some Salt Fish, a Piece of boiled Beef, a Turkey and Mince Pies. At Quadrille this evening lost 0. 1. 0. I did not get home till after 10 o'clock, and bitter cold riding home it was, being a hard Frost and Snow on the ground and windy. Nancy could not go being still indifferent, therefore she sent a Note early this morning to



would be coloured. Many of the extant specimens of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century herbals have the figures painted. It is sometimes difficult to get evidence as to the exact date of this colouring, but it was doubtless often done in the publisher's office; Christophe Plantin of Antwerp employed certain women illuminators to colour by hand the botanical books which he produced.

Sometimes in Fuchs' figures a peculiarly decorative spirit is shown, as in the earth-nut-pea (fig. 102, p. 213), which fills the rectangular space almost in the manner of an "all-over" wall-paper pattern. It must not be forgotten, when discussing woodcuts, that the artist who drew upon the block for the engraver was working under special conditions. It was impossible for him to be unmindful of the boundaries of the block, when these took the form, as it were, of miniature precipices under his hand. The writer has been told by her father—who, in the nineteenth century occasionally drew upon the wood for the engraver—that to avoid a rectangular appearance required a distinct effort of will. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the herbal illustrator who drew upon the block should often have been so much obsessed by its rectangularity that he accommodated his drawing to its form in a way that was unnecessary and far from realistic, though sometimes very attractive. This is exemplified in the earth-nut-pea, to which we have just referred, and also in figs. 44, p. 94; 47, p. 98; 51, p. 106; 55, p. 115; 111, p. 225. The traditional mode of representing trees, with an almost square crown, is probably a direct result of the form of the block. This can be seen particularly well in figs. 94, p. 200, and 108, p. 222; it is also indicated in fig. 17, p. 36—a peach-tree as viewed by the wood-cutter of the *Ortus sanitatis* in the fifteenth century—while traces of the same mannerism can be observed again in Fuchs' peach-tree (fig. 103, p. 214), despite its more naturalistic treatment. At the present day, when photographic methods of reproduction



Fig. 104. "Arum", *A. maculatum* L., Lords-and-ladies [Fuchs, *De historia stirpium*, 1542] Reduced



Plate. There is a lot of talk now about a separate competition for schools, to relieve us from rowing against Colleges. Whether or not that will come to pass remains to be seen; but from the point of view of excitement, and as an Eton function, it would probably mean a decline of interest on the part of the School, and not the increase for which it is designed.

Once in every half, for about a week, we fall under the spell of an instinct which prompts us to take an unusual interest in the House Notice-board. Normally we throw a casual glance at it every now and then, just to see if anything is in the wind; but now we are really on the look-out for something, and we never pass it without scanning it carefully. At last our patience receives its reward—two sheets of typescript announcing the trains and other arrangements for Long Leave. Seeing it, we breathe freely, not that there is any question of Long Leave not coming off—the date has been before us all the half in the Eton Almanack—but still it is pleasant to know that we are within striking distance of it; and that the authorities have not forgotten about it. Not for nothing have we religiously ticked the days off on the Almanack and held the spectre of white tickets away from our door. The holder of a white ticket at the moment of Long Leave stays behind, and he gets scant sympathy from his boy's-maid, who is also automatically prevented from going away for a hard-earned week-end. We behave very well for the week or two before Leave; it is a bad time for any misunderstanding to arise between you and your teachers.

It is no great disaster if you miss your train at the end of the half; an hour makes no great difference then if lost or gained. But to lose an hour of Long Leave would be a catastrophe. Sometimes the catastrophe happens, for the particularly vindictive form of Poena that is set in the last hour before Leave, to be shown up before you go, is not unknown. No wonder we make a mad rush to Windsor to catch the two special trains. Last time we left this station by train



it was for a Field Day; next time, perhaps, will be for camp. This time, however, we are heading for theatres and dinners—a real orgy of them, if one can only keep one's parents up to the mark.

For Lord's we get away on the Friday; and nowadays, in exchange for the sacrifice of a whole holiday on some other day, we get the whole of Monday off, instead of coming back at midday in time for afternoon school. The scrimmage in front of the Pavilion at the end of play which was part of the attraction of Saturday no longer takes place. You don't take an old top-hat in a box and substitute it for your new one just before stumps are drawn; you don't rush out across the field, brushing the policemen of 'F' Division aside like flies, and line up yelling at the sacred rails from behind which all wise members of the M.C.C. have vanished like a puff of smoke. There we used to mob our opponents, and call for our heroes, who were pushed out protesting on to the balconies of the changing-rooms and cheered to the echo. The fun continued at the theatres and in Piccadilly after the theatres, rival taxi-loads yelling at each other as they drove. All this has died, and rightly, for we were hardly justified in assuming that all London was interested in eighteen hundred boys come up for the week-end to see their schools play cricket against each other. But it was fun, all the same. Hooliganism, interest in the match, and the custom of one side or the other winning<sup>1</sup> have all died out together. Now the boys who drag their parents to Lord's are probably out-numbered by the boys whose parents do the dragging; and Saturday has become primarily the day of Old Boys who find it the only day when they can escape from whatever drudgery now enslaves them.

Perhaps he is right who eschews these days of festivity, saying that the real Eton lies in the ordinary days of routine when nothing special happens. He prefers to breathe Eton air on a day when he

<sup>1</sup> Since these words were written, the magnificent finish of 1937 has put them to confusion.

#### IV LEAVES OUT OF TYPICAL BOOKS IN

## 'Monotype' Times New Roman 327

- (1) SMALL SIZES (5½ to 10 Pt.) show their legibility in *Wisden's*, 1938.

*Wisden's Cricketer's Almanack*, 990 pp., 5s. Printed by Messrs. Purnell for the publishers, Messrs. J. Whitaker.

- (2) TWELVE Pt. WITH LONG DESCENDERS, in another B.B.C. "National Lectures" shilling booklet.

L. P. Jacks: *Relation of Morals to Scientific Progress*. (See Fournier).

- (3) NINE Pt. in the *Nonesuch Swift* (868 handsome pp. 10s. 6d.).

Edited by John Hayward. Printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark for the Nonesuch Press.

- (4) ELEVEN Pt. WITH LONG DESCENDERS, in Messrs. Longman's edition of *Wassmuss*.

By Christopher Sykes. Printed by Messrs. Western Printing Services.

- (5) TEN Pt. WITH LONG DESCENDERS in a leaf from *Spain's Ordeal*.

By Robert Sencourt. Another Longman book. Printed by Messrs. Western Printing Services.

- (6) ELEVEN Pt. in Rex Warner's *The Wild Goose Chase*, from Messrs. Boriswood.

On 13 Pt. 442 pp., 8s. 6d. Printed by Messrs. Stephen Austin.

- (7) to (10): A group of leaves from recent "Penguin" and "Pelican" books. These famous sixpenny editions have for some time been standardized to "Monotype" Times New Roman.

Titles are itemized on the backing leaf.

"Monotype" Times New Roman is valued by book publishers as much for its dignity of cut as for its "extra-legibility". A Wide version, particularly suited for book work, is now being cut. The alternative Long Descender sorts (for casting on a larger body) are specially useful in book work. Thirty-one lines of 11-on-12 long descender Times 327 to 20 ems would contain about 1,550 characters. *The fine italic shows off one of the advantages of single type composition.*





## LEICESTERSHIRE v. YORKSHIRE

At Leicester, August 4, 5, 6.

Yorkshire won by 129 runs. The match had a dramatic ending. When the ninth Leicestershire wicket fell, ten minutes remained for play and Graham, who had chipped the bone of a finger, pluckily went in to bat. Amidst tense excitement, he kept up his end, but Flamson, the other batsman, was out three minutes before time. Sutcliffe and Mitchell, putting on 181 for the second wicket, placed Yorkshire in a good position on the first day, and each man reached three figures, but on the two following days the pitch played awkwardly. Yorkshire lost wickets cheaply in attempting to force the pace and Leicestershire, apart from Armstrong, fared badly. Powerful driving by Wood and Barber enabled Yorkshire to declare at lunch-time on the last day and the leg-break bowling of Hutton proved too good for Leicestershire's batsmen.

## Yorkshire

H. Sutcliffe c Prentice b Geary	109	—	b Smith	2
L. Hutton c Watson b Smith	26	—	st Corral b Smith	10
A. Mitchell c Graham b Smith	100	—	b Flamson	19
M. Leyland c Geary b Smith	27	—	c Astill b Smith	3
W. Barber not out	24	—	b Astill	47
Mr. N. W. D. Yardley c Armstrong b Geary	8	—	b Flamson	2
Mr. A. B. Sellers c Armstrong b Smith	0	—	lbw b Astill	26
T. F. Smailes c Watson b Smith	6	—	b Geary	2
A. Wood st Corral b Geary	8	—	not out	44
E. P. Robinson b Geary	0	—	c Prentice b Astill	16
W. E. Bowes not out	3			
B 14, 1-b 6, w 2	22		B 2, 1-b 8, w 2	12

Nine wkts., dec. 333

Nine wkts., dec. 183

## Leicestershire

L. G. Berry c Wood b Yardley	18	—	b Robinson	36
F. Prentice c Hutton b Bowes	14	—	lbw (N) b Hutton	67
N. F. Armstrong c Mitchell b Hutton	74	—	c Bowes b Hutton	17
G. Watson c Mitchell b Bowes	1	—	c Robinson b Hutton	43
Mr. M. St. J. Packe c Smailes b Bowes	47	—	c Barber b Hutton	0
G. Geary st Wood b Hutton	27	—	lbw b Hutton	0
W. E. Astill st Wood b Leyland	10	—	c Robinson b Bowes	8
H. A. Smith lbw b Hutton	0	—	c Mitchell b Hutton	5
P. Corral not out	5	—	lbw (N) b Robinson	4
W. Flamson c Mitchell b Hutton	2	—	lbw (N) b Robinson	0
H. Graham absent hurt	0	—	not out	0
L-b 3, w 1	4		B 1, 1-b 4	5

202

185

## Leicestershire Bowling

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.
Flamson	7	0	23	0	13	1	55	2
Smith	41.3	8	94	5	17	4	49	3
Prentice	21	6	58	0	4	0	22	0
Geary	40	12	78	4	7	2	13	1
Astill	16	0	50	0	8	0	32	3
Graham	2	0	8	0				

## Yorkshire Bowling

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.
Bowes	21	6	49	3	12	1	30	1
Smailes	11	2	31	0	12	5	20	0
Yardley	9	3	21	1	8	4	9	0
Robinson	11	2	39	0	17.2	7	35	3
Leyland	12	2	33	1	2	0	10	0
Hutton	9	1	25	4	36	15	76	6

Umpires : H. W. Lee and C. N. Woolley.

At Basingstoke, August 7, 9. LEICESTERSHIRE beat HAMPSHIRE by nine wickets.

### LEICESTERSHIRE v. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

At Leicester, August 11, 12, 13.

Drawn. A wonderful innings by Hardstaff, who made the highest score of his career, and splendid slow bowling by Watkin on a perfect pitch featured the game, but Nottinghamshire, despite these efforts, were thwarted owing to rain. Taking part in only his second match for the county, Watkin carried everything before him and his performance was of special satisfaction because Nottinghamshire were without four of their leading bowlers. Watkin made the ball turn sharply from leg and after breaking an opening partnership of 127 between Berry and Prentice he was mainly responsible for the last nine wickets falling for 79. Hardstaff batted at the top of his form, driving superbly and cutting crisply, and hitting 266, including one 6 and thirty 4's. Keeton helped him in a third wicket stand of 186 and Hardstaff and Gunn added 179. Cricket did not commence until half past three on the last day and with the pitch dead, Leicestershire easily saved the game.

#### Leicestershire

L. G. Berry c Woodhead b Watkin	75	b Heane	3
F. Prentice c Keeton b Watkin	51	not out	56
N. F. Armstrong c and b Watkin	4	not out	27
G. Watson b Watkin	13		
Mr. M. St. J. Packe b Watkin	17		
H. Riley b Gunn	12		
G. Geary c Walker b Gunn	13		
H. Bowley c Wheat b Gunn	4		
H. A. Smith st Wheat b Watkin	7		
P. Corral not out	0		
W. Flamson lbw b Gunn	0		
B 4, l-b 5, w 1	10	L-b	4
	206	One wkt.	90

#### Nottinghamshire

W. W. Keeton c Geary b Bowley	104	Mr. G. F. H. Heane c Packe b	0
C. B. Harris c Smith b Geary	9	Smith	4
J. Knowles run out	15	G. Yates b Bowley	3
J. Hardstaff b Smith	266	A. B. Wheat not out	2
G. V. Gunn c Flamson b Smith	67	F. G. Woodhead not out	16
W. Walker c Armstrong b Smith	16	B 9, l-b 7	
		Eight wkts., dec.	502

D. Watkin did not bat.

#### Nottinghamshire Bowling

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.
Woodhead	18	3	39	0	10	6	6	0
Heane	6	1	20	0	12	5	16	1
Gunn	16	1	60	4	14	6	16	0
Harris	9	0	29	0	3	1	5	0
Watkin	22	6	48	6	16	6	28	0
			Yates	4	1	11	0	0
			Keeton	2	0	2	0	0
			Walker	2	0	2	0	0

#### Leicestershire Bowling

Flamson	37	6	129	0
Smith	41	9	109	4
Geary	22	2	58	1
Prentice	33	6	98	0
Bowley	26	5	92	2

Umpires : C. V. Tarbox and J. Newman.

18 long  
13 land

call neurasthenic, that low and distracted condition of the nervous system which makes us deficient in self-control. That is a very common condition in the population of our great cities—I have heard a medical authority put it as high as 60 per cent. Not good material for working delicate and complicated social machinery of one kind or another! Not good material even for driving motor-cars! I imagine it has something to do with the number of accidents on the road, and still more to do with the confusion and strife that mar the working of our social systems and lead to wars and bloody revolutions. I don't say the social system is of no importance, but even the best one will give very poor results if the people composing it have become biologically degenerate or lost their nerve like the ancient Greeks.

The question of human quality has been too much neglected in Western civilisation. Our intellectual development in the field of science has outstripped our human development in the field of character. We have bitten off intellectually more than we can chew morally—please pardon the language. Science has built up for us an enormous stock of knowledge, but our power of putting it to the best use—another name for morality



—is relatively undeveloped and behindhand. Our civilisation, in consequence, is a lopsided affair, overweighted on the side of knowledge and machinery, underweighted on the side of character and self-control. The task of the future is to bring the two into better balance, not by taking weight from the knowledge scale but by adding weight to the character scale. There are five words of the poet Tennyson which well describe the lopsidedness of the modern world: 'Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.' It is an ill-balanced condition some features of which are so outrageously foolish that one gets the impression at times of a world gone mad. Our Prime Minister, speaking a year ago on the race for armaments, said these words: 'Nothing so impresses me with the incredible folly of our civilisation.' Strange result from centuries of scientific progress! Strange outcome from the universal diffusion of knowledge! How has it come about? A look into the past may help us to the answer.

#### THE GREAT BACON-SHAKESPEARE RACE

Some three-and-a-half centuries ago there were living in England two incomparably great men. They were Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare, Bacon urging the mind

Visions in a Dream, when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some Time, till the Governor assured me that I should receive no Hurt; and observing my two Companions to be under no Concern, who had been often entertained in the same Manner, I began to take Courage; and related to his Highness a short History of my several Adventures, yet not without some Hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the Place where I had seen those domestick Spectres. I had the Honour to dine with the Governor, where a new Set of Ghosts served up the Meat, and waited at Table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the Morning. I stayed till Sun-set, but humbly desired his Highness to excuse me for not accepting his Invitation of lodging in the Palace. My two Friends and I lay at a private House in the Town adjoining, which is the Capital of this little Island; and the next Morning we returned to pay our Duty to the Governor, as he was pleased to command us.

AFTER this Manner we continued in the Island for ten Days, most Part of every Day with the Governor, and at Night in our Lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the Sight of Spirits, that after the third or fourth Time they gave me no Emotion at all; or if I had any Apprehensions left, my Curiosity prevailed over them. For his Highness the Governor ordered me to call up whatever Persons I would chuse to name, and in whatever Numbers among all the Dead from the Beginning of the World to the present Time, and command them to answer any Questions I should think fit to ask; with this Condition, that my Questions must be confined within the Compass of the Times they lived in. And one Thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me Truth; for Lying was a Talent of no Use in the lower World.

I MADE my humble Acknowledgments to his Highness for so great a Favour. We were in a Chamber, from whence there was a fair Prospect into the Park. And because my first Inclination was to be entertained with Scenes of Pomp and Magnificence, I desired to see *Alexander* the Great, at the Head of his Army just after the Battle of *Arbela*;



which upon a Motion of the Governor's Finger immediately appeared in a large Field under the Window, where we stood. *Alexander* was called up into the Room: It was with great Difficulty that I understood his *Greek*, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his Honour that he was not poisoned, but dyed of a Fever by excessive Drinking.

NEXT I saw *Hannibal* passing the *Alps*, who told me he had not a Drop of Vinegar in his Camp.

I SAW *Cæsar* and *Pompey* at the Head of their Troops just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great Triumph. I desired that the Senate of *Rome* might appear before me in one large Chamber, and a modern Representative, in Counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an Assembly of Heroes and Demy-Gods; the other a Knot of Pedlars, Pick-pockets, Highwaymen and Bullies.

THE Governor at my Request gave the Sign for *Cæsar* and *Brutus* to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound Veneration at the Sight of *Brutus*; and could easily discover the most consummate Virtue, the greatest Intrepidity, and Firmness of Mind, the truest Love of his Country, and general Benevolence for Mankind in every Lineament of his Countenance. I observed with much Pleasure, that these two Persons were in good Intelligence with each other; and *Cæsar* freely confessed to me, that the greatest Actions of his own Life were not equal by many Degrees to the Glory of taking it away. I had the Honour to have much Conversation with *Brutus*; and was told that his Ancestor *Junius*, *Socrates*, *Epaminondas*, *Cato* the Younger, Sir *Thomas More* and himself, were perpetually together: A *Sextumvirate* to which all the Ages of the World cannot add a Seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the Reader with relating what vast Numbers of illustrious Persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable Desire I had to see the World in every Period of Antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed my Eyes with beholding the Destroyers of Tyrants and Usurpers, and the Restorers of Liberty to oppressed and injured Nations. But it is impossible to express the Satis-



## THE PRISONERS OF AHRAM

rising must needs be very subsidiary to this, and it figured in no one's immediate programme, except that of the German Commander of the Turkish Mesopotamian forces, Field Marshal Von der Goltz. But in 1916 (about this time) he wrote a classic memorandum which marks his conversion to a less optimistic point of view. Turkish atrocity weighed equally with the common hatred of Russia, and it was now only Wassmuss and Zugmayer who kept the faint possibility of Persia coming against us on the horizon.

But even while the British Consul was still captive, the feelings of the tribes began to droop. As Wassmuss rode about, men ran into their gardens at his approach, they salaamed him with a sudden rush of smiles and then were rather solemn and silent. Sar Hussein of the Desert secretly got in touch with the English and asked to be given citizenship in the Empire, and the request was refused. One or two of the leading sheikhs secretly communicated with O'Connor and said neither this nor that, but they wanted to meet him. Wassmuss went to Shiraz where he found more ardour, and to Kazerun where little Nasir Diwan still swore that he would destroy the English and the Persian Government. Then he went back to the Tangistan. And now he entered upon a period of hopelessness. He could get no money. And one by one the sheikhs began to fall away from him (except Sheikh Husain of Chah Kutah). He no longer visited the prisoners and as the hatred rose he kept to his quarters.

Zair Khidair and his friends began to grow very poor

but they were too proud to go to Bushire and ask for terms, and indeed it is doubtful whether they would have been offered any but the most drastic. Kut was falling, we were offering terms more humiliating than had ever been offered before by a British general, and the greatness of the British name was being mocked all over the East. The Tangistanis did nothing either way, only they no longer loved Wassmuss. His hope lay in Nasr Diwan.

One day in July, shortly before the liberation of the prisoners, Zair Khidair gathered his men and they rode up to Wassmuss's house, and cried out abuse at him and shot through the windows. It is on this occasion that Wassmuss is supposed to have played the wireless trick. But I like to think of him, rather, alone with Sultan Ali in his chamber reading and never so much as moving an eyebrow, and slowly in part the sacred feeling restored. "He was very still always," said Sultan Ali of him. "He did not often talk in a great voice, he was not nervous, and what he said was truth."

10 Aug  
15 Sept

rushed, crept, crawled to the international bridge at Hendaye, crossed it, and finding cars and lorries awaiting them, drove through the town, saluting it with clenched fists and the waving of red ribbons.

Meanwhile the Anarchists took charge of Irún, Fontarabia and the cape of Guadalupe. They destroyed the pieces of artillery, burnt the cars in the garages, and taking what petrol was left poured it over any houses they could. They at once lit the casino, the Hotel Paris, the great railway station and the main street, and a fire which was to eat out the entrails of the town began before evening and threw its smoky glare up into hour after hour of the night. So the movement for a Red Spain triumphed, and was defeated at the frontiers of France.<sup>1</sup>

## VII

The effect of the fall of Irún, following as it did within three weeks of the fall of Badajoz, was great. It brought deep misgiving to Madrid, and a change of government. Largo Caballero now became Prime Minister and Minister for War. It was hoped that this further shift to the Left would mean more vigour in the prosecution of the war.

The Navarrese now pressed on through the picturesque little fishing port of Pasages on the one side, and on the inland road through Oyarzun and Astigarraga to Hernani to surround San Sebastián, a town of 86,000 inhabitants and considerable wealth. There different counsels divided the town: some were for surrender, some defence, and the extremists for destruction. But the moderates prevailed, and the town was peacefully occupied on 14 September, the troops of Beorlegui marching in amidst floating of banners and many demonstrations of thankfulness. For there, as everywhere, the great majority of the people wanted the comfort that came with order. An independent autonomy for the Basque provinces interested the few more than the many: and in any case, independence was uncomfortably mixed, as Bilbao was to show, with the conglomeration of anarchists with communists.

<sup>1</sup> This account of the battle is founded on the accounts in *The Times* and the *Morning Post* for 3, 4, 5 September 1936. Both were written by the same man, Mr. F. A. Rice of the *Yorkshire Post*. They are supplemented by Mr. G. L. Steer, *The Tree of Gernika*, pp. 45-55.



What was next to be done? To press on to the great prize of Bilbao and the domination of what remained opposed to Franco in the province of Santander and in Asturias. The fate of the garrison at Oviedo was an urgent claim: but still more was the heroic garrison of the Alcázar at Toledo; and if those could be relieved, beyond them lay a prize far greater than Bilbao—that of Madrid. For these reasons after the fall of San Sebastián, direction moved southwards to the Tagus valley, where, as we saw, Yagüe and Castejón were fighting their way up through Talavera de la Reina to Torrijos.

‘when you told me that you’d been successful. Is it really true?’

David spoke more gravely, though there was something in his gestures and clothes which deprived his words of much of their force, making him seem to George, in spite of the gravity of his utterance, not entirely concerned with what he was saying. ‘It’s incredibly difficult,’ he said, ‘as even you, my dear brother, must be aware, to be sure about anything. I heard the Wild Geese, though they were a considerable distance away, when I was at the farm—or so I thought. Since then I’ve become pretty sure that they weren’t geese at all (duck, probably, even coot), or, if they were geese, that they were not the right kind.’

‘What do you mean, “the right kind”?’ George asked.

‘I’ll tell you. They did not seem to me the kind of bird which one would expect to find here. Now don’t interrupt, my dear fellow. I know your romantic ideas. You’d say, why should I expect to find them here, but I can answer your objections. First of all I have the headmaster’s word for it. He’s a remarkably fine scholar, the headmaster. Aramaic’s his subject.’

‘But have you seen the goose?’ George interrupted impatiently and David slowly smiled, then leaning towards him he whispered in his ear ‘Yes’.

George shouted back. ‘Show me!’ he cried, ‘Show me!’ and then looking at David, who smiled nervously, he felt curiously his enthusiasm ebb, for how, he wondered, could this be true? Why had not David mentioned this at once? Why had he dragged into the discussion the unnecessary opinion of a headmaster on a subject of which he was himself, if he was to be believed, adequately informed? Why did he betray nervousness and hesitation? Why was he living here still, a hermaphrodite, as his skirt declared, self-satisfied yet not strong, instead of spreading the news far and wide, occupying himself with some constructive work,



if it was true what he said, that he had with his own eyes discovered the object of their inquiry?

David had noticed his change of feeling. 'You don't believe me,' he said hurriedly. 'As a matter of fact sometimes I hardly believe myself. Not that it matters much anyway. One's pretty well looked after here. But on our way to the Convent I'll take you to the Anserium, and you can judge for yourself. After all it's not a subject that's easily discussed.'

He spoke too loudly, betraying the state of his nerves, and it seemed to George that David was half-consciously exculpating himself from some charge which he imagined might be brought against him, a charge perhaps of apathy, inertia, of being too easily satisfied. He now was quite unable to believe that David had succeeded and was only anxious to know in what way he had been deluded, suspecting too that he was not sorry, although there was at the back of his mind a certain uneasiness, to have reached a vague belief that he had attained his terminus.

David, pouring out more champagne, was now speaking more naturally. 'After all,' he was saying, 'it's difficult to delineate objects of pure thought. I don't pretend to have reached the *summum bonum* exactly, but I just happen to have a trained mind which even you, I suppose, would admit to be an advantage. It's good stuff, isn't it, the bubbly? By the way, you've had the operation, I suppose?'

'No,' said George, 'I refused to have it done.'

David laughed, though by the twitching of his hands George saw that he was uneasy. 'The old puritan conscience,' he said. 'Honestly, my dear fellow, I think you've made a mistake. I can't imagine that anyone should not want to be like Tiresias. It's such fun. You've no idea how valuable it is to feel the reactions of a woman. And then, of course, you can be a man at the same time. You can synthesize or analyse. Oh, it's not to be



grows out of a political and social past. But there is, I think, a more important and subtle fact concealed under this surface of mere evolution in political ideas and in society. The liberal of 1880 had made no selection or rejection in the ideas of liberty of 1789; he had swallowed them almost whole. He had not digested them or thought them into his own world and time and environment; they were not even, as they had been in 1789, a spontaneous and popular reaction against intolerable facts. In 1880 the French Revolution had already become a tradition with its halo of sentiment and romance; its doctrine of liberty, as accepted by official liberalism, was already conservative and respectable. Indeed the psychology of the liberal who believed in political liberty was hardly distinguishable from the psychology of the Kaiser who believed in the divine right of kings; each was controlled by the dead mind, the difference being that the one had surrendered his own mind to an Elector of Brandenburg who had died about 1500 and the other had surrendered his to Mirabeau who died in 1791. It is both an effect and a proof of this fact that political liberty, as understood by the nineteenth-century liberal, was scarcely less incompatible with and irrelevant to the industrialized modern Europe in which he lived than the rationalized feudalism and divine kingship of the Kaiser. While Mirabeau ninety years after his death, through the brains of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, was making laws for us, as though Louis XVI. were still swaying on the throne of France and the mob storming the Bastille in the name of the rights of man, steam and electricity had already created a new world in which the real problem was economic rather than political liberty.

One more example of this process of the dead mind may be given. In 1880 the French revolutionaries of 1789 were, through liberals, and even conservatives, determining the structure of society in most countries of Europe where it was not being determined by mediæval emperors, kings, or electors. But already thirteen years before that date Karl Marx had published *Das Kapital*. I am not concerned here either with the merits of that book or with the soundness of Marx's principles of social organization. The next fifty years proved, however, that the new economic condi-

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tions upon which Marx laid such stress had created a political and social problem of great importance and urgency. His ideas in 1867, and still in 1880, were new, and they were living ideas in the sense that they dealt with a growing problem intimately affecting the lives of vast numbers of living human beings. In course of time those principles have been accepted to form the political principles and programmes of parties and even Governments; but the process by which revolutionary socialism has won acceptance and has influenced social and political structure bears a strange resemblance to that by which feudalism and the rights of man had established themselves in the minds of nineteenth-century reactionaries and liberals. When Karl Marx died in 1883, the facts upon which he insisted were treated as non-existent by "responsible people" and by those in authority; as for his theories and doctrines, those who believed in them were a minute handful of persons whom governments and governing classes, when aware of their existence, regarded as dangerous and therefore criminal, or deranged and therefore lunatic. If you had walked into the "mother of parliaments" one day some ten years after the birth of modern socialism, you would have found a party of "conservatives" desperately fighting the lapping waves of democracy in the shape of a proposal to allow householders to vote, and a party of "liberals" who supported the proposal with an uncomfortable feeling that it might be going too far and too fast in democracy. Fifty years after the publication of *Das Kapital*, vast numbers of people had come to recognize the existence of those economic facts upon which Marx insisted and the social problem created by them; there were now, too, a large number of people in Europe who were socialists and who were not either obviously criminal or lunatic. Yet there are three significant facts with regard to the position and progress of socialism after half a century. Though there were many socialists and many socialist parties, there had never yet been a socialist government and no government had ever allowed any part of the political or social structure to be directly or admittedly modified on socialist principles. Such modifications had indeed taken place, but they were never admitted officially or publicly to be socialistic. Secondly



1520  
ACT THREE SCENE ONE

MACBETH: We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)  
In this day's Council: but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

BANQUO: As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this, and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour, or twain.

MACBETH: Fail not our feast.

BANQUO: My Lord, I will not.

MACBETH: We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse:  
Adieu, till you return at night.  
Goes Fleance with you?

BANQUO: Ay, my good Lord: our time does call upon 's.

MACBETH: I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell.

*Exit Banquo*

Let every man be master of his time,  
Till seven at night, to make society  
The sweeter welcome,  
We will keep ourself till supper-time alone:  
While then, God be with you.

*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and a servant*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

SERVANT: They are, my Lord, without the Palace  
Gate.



if it was true what  
covered the object

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me,' he said hurriedly  
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### ACT THREE SCENE ONE

MACBETH: Bring them before us.

*Exit Servant*

To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus.  
Our fears in Banquo stick deep,  
And in his royalty of Nature reigns that  
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom, that doth guide his valour,  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear: and under him,  
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the Sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bad them speak to him. Then prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding: if't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,  
For them, the gracious Duncan have I murder'd,  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common Enemy of man,  
To make them Kings, the seed of Banquo Kings.  
Rather than so, come Fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance.  
Who's there?

*Enter Servant and two Murderers*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

*Exit Servant*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

FIRST MURDERER: It was, so please your Highness.

STELLA GIBBONS

"Oh, thank you, Ivy, that's very kind of you, but I can get it myself, I always do. Don't bother. And I—I shan't expect you back until after supper, as it's the first day. About half-past eight—or nine, if you like."

"Oh, thanks ever so, Miss Garfield. Oh . . . what about your supper? Anything cooked, do you have?"

"Oh—eggs—anything." Elaine smiled at her, and hurried out of the kitchen feeling so relieved at the prospect of some hours of solitude that she could only hope her pleasure was not noticeable. She waved to Iveen as the girl hurried down the path a little later, then wandered out into the garden to enjoy the silence.

Half an hour later the front gate was pushed open and Miller walked stiffly in, still looking offended, but ready to share with Elaine the cup of tea and cake that she had carried out under the pear tree. They ate and drank together in a silence broken by the singing of a thrush, who afterwards flew down on to the lawn and finished their crumbs. Oh, dear, I do wish I wasn't dreading her coming back! thought Elaine, inhaling the delicious air of the late afternoon and enjoying the peace and silence that had returned to the house. It's even worse that I was afraid it would be. I suppose I've got so used to living alone with Miller (gently scratching under his lifted chin) that all kinds of little things get on my nerves that an ordinary person wouldn't notice.

I must be patient. It's as bad for her as it is for me; I'm sure she finds it very dull up here, poor child. And after all, it's only the first day.

Just before ten o'clock Iveen returned, bright-eyed



if it was true which covered the object.

David had not me,' he said hurriedly, 'believe myself. I shall well look after you to the answer. It's not a subject.

He spoke too. It seemed to George that he was himself from some against him, a character satisfied. He never succeeded and was deluded, suspecting at the back of his vague belief that

David, pouring more naturally. 'The objects of pure truth *summum bonum* which even you, I think good stuff, isn't it, I suppose?'

'No,' said George.

David laughed, saw that he was. 'Honestly, my dear, I can't imagine that. It's such fun. You know the tions of a woman same time. You

and giggling and inclined to tease Miller, who took not a shred of notice of her, and the household then went up to bed.

The next day was nearly as bad, and darkened for Elaine by a dignified call from Mrs. Briggs, lasting an hour. Elaine, in a fit of cowardice the night before, had written to Mrs. Briggs telling her that her services would not be wanted any more, at least for the present, instead of going down to see her and explaining. Mrs. Briggs now came in person to answer the letter. Mrs. Briggs asked only one question: why had a bad girl been given her job? Wasn't Miss Garfield, after twelve years, satisfied with Mrs. Briggs? Was it the time Mrs. Briggs broke that little cup with the leaves on it what belonged to Miss Garfield's mother? Mrs. Briggs had said at the time how downright sorry she was about that little cup. *Why* was it? *Why* did Miss Garfield want that bad girl in the house instead of her, Mrs. Briggs?

Fortunately, the interview took place after Iveen had gone off on her afternoon visit to her mother, and Elaine was able to explain freely that she wanted to give the girl a chance. "You see, Mrs. Briggs," she almost pleaded, "if people see that she's up here with me, earning her living like everyone else, they won't look down on her so much, and that will give her back her self-respect."

But Mrs. Briggs, settling her flowered Sunday hat on her head as she got up to go, only sniffed and said that Ivy Bank had never had no self-respect and she only hoped that Miss Garfield, who had a very kind heart as everybody in the village knew, wouldn't be sorry she



## LOST HEARTS

"Yes, sir," answered the staid Mr. Parkes; and conducted Stephen to the lower regions.

Mrs. Bunch was the most comfortable and human person whom Stephen had as yet met in Aswarby. She made him completely at home; they were great friends in a quarter of an hour: and great friends they remained. Mrs. Bunch had been born in the neighbourhood some fifty-five years before the date of Stephen's arrival, and her residence at the Hall was of twenty years' standing. Consequently, if anyone knew the ins and outs of the house and the district, Mrs. Bunch knew them; and she was by no means disinclined to communicate her information.

Certainly there were plenty of things about the Hall and the Hall gardens which Stephen, who was of an adventurous and inquiring turn, was anxious to have explained to him. "Who built the temple at the end of the laurel walk? Who was the old man whose picture hung on the staircase, sitting at a table, with a skull under his hand?" These and many similar points were cleared up by the resources of Mrs. Bunch's powerful intellect.

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#### GHOST STORIES OF AN ANTIQUARY

There were others, however, of which the explanations furnished were less satisfactory.

One November evening Stephen was sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room reflecting on his surroundings.

"Is Mr. Abney a good man, and will he go to heaven?" he suddenly asked, with the peculiar confidence which children possess in the ability of their elders to settle these questions, the decision of which is believed to be reserved for other tribunals.

"Good?—bless the child?" said Mrs. Bunch. "Master's as kind a soul as ever I see! Didn't I never tell you of the little boy as he took in out of the street, as you may say, this seven years back? and the little girl, two years after I first come here?"

"No. Do tell me all about them, Mrs. Bunch—now this minute!"

"Well," said Mrs. Bunch, "the little girl I don't seem to recollect so much about. I know master brought her back with him from his walk one day, and give orders to Mrs. Ellis, as was housekeeper then, as she should be took every care with. And the poor child hadn't no one belonging to her—she telled me so her own self—and here she lived with us a matter of three

Messrs. Penguin Ltd. have adopted "Monotype" Times New Roman 327 as the standard face for "Penguin" and "Pelican" sixpenny books.

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V LEAVES OUT OF TYPICAL BOOKS IN

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- (5) THIRTEEN Pt. in a leaf from a novel: *On Borrowed Time*, by Lawrence Edward.  
Published by Messrs. Lovat Dickson. Printed by the Bowering Press.
- (6) THIRTEEN Pt. in a leaf from Louis MacNiece's *I Crossed the Minch*.  
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most intense heat-waves of the twentieth century in autumn. On the basis of temperature, the divisions of the "Farmer's Year"—winter, December to February; spring, March to May; summer, June to August; autumn, September to November—represent the facts more adequately, and since this scheme of things also avoids the inconvenience of split months, it is usually adopted by meteorologists.

June 1, then, and *not* June 21, launches us into summer. Even so, if we want to remove our Continental friends' opportunities for making fun of our calendar and climate, we should do well to transfer "Midsummer Day" to St. Swithin's—July 15, which is, on the average, the season's warmest day in England.

In recent years June has done its best to recompense us for the frequently churlish behaviour of April and May. Since 1913 the first month of summer has been drier than usual over England and Wales as a whole on fourteen occasions; its general rainfall during the twenty-four years was eleven per cent below the long-period normal. Ordinarily, June is the driest of all the months in Scotland, and the third driest south of the Border.

Nevertheless, it has contrived to produce both the heaviest and the most persistent rainstorms on record for our islands. From June 13 to June 15 in 1903 there was a steady downpour that lasted without the

slightest intermission for  $58\frac{1}{2}$  hours in London, and for even longer in parts of Essex and Hertfordshire. On June 28, 1917, an extraordinary deluge in the West Country yielded as much as 9.56 in. of rain at Bruton, Somerset. This is the greatest daily fall yet registered in Britain, and actually exceeds the total for the whole of the very dry year 1921 at one or two places in Thanet. The worst thunderstorm rain known in London came on the 16th of the same month—June, 1917; it culminated at Campden Hill, North Kensington, where 4.65 in. was logged in a couple of hours or so.

The June of 1925 was, in all probability, the driest for at least two centuries. It gave many places in the southern counties no rain at all, and England as a whole only seven per cent of the normal amount. That June was, at the same time, the most brilliant on record over most of the country. Falmouth and Plymouth had 382 and 380 hours of sunshine, respectively, representing an average of close on  $12\frac{3}{4}$  hours a day, or 78 per cent of the maximum possible duration. No "depression" approached within 250 miles of our shores throughout that wonderful month.

June is the brightest part of the year for Britain in general, the average daily allowance of sunshine ranging from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  or 8 hours in the extreme south to 5 hours in the Orkneys and Shetlands.

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#### THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION

pretence. The more schools claim to be modern and different the more they remain the same thing. Every teacher, from a nursemaid up, who can be modernized, that is to say made to understand and made willing to impart the general ideas of the Next Beginning, is certainly a gain; but such gains will be too rare to have any mass effect. The paralyzing forces in school and college are too thoroughly dug in for any direct offensive. There is much more hope for a mental thrust through journalism, through preaching and lecturing, through the provision of reading for the baffled and enquiring adolescent, through a great variety of progressive books. To break through in these ways is to outflank school and college and to prepare a later attack upon them from a more advantageous angle. Literature, science, political propaganda must all contribute to the pressure that will ultimately make over education from its present traditionalism to a creatively revolutionary equipment of the young.

In the end that may mean the disappearance of the very forms of contemporary education, of school-rooms, lecture theatres and almost every



process that is considered to be teaching to-day. All that system derives from the technical training of mediæval priests and monks. That is why there is so much "verbal" memory work in it, why it glorifies "scholarship," its flower, and why it is so cursed with examinations.

In all this the hope is plainly father to the thought. In passage after passage Steele's dismay at the unteachableness of schoolmasters and the rigidities of the scholastic organization—the strait-waistcoat of the school, he calls it—breaks through. The new education needs a new sort of teacher altogether. But he has left very few notes to indicate what that new sort of teacher will be. I am inclined to think he would have a sort of medical-psychologist acting as joint supervisor with the parents over the children's development. The "elements" should be done in nursery schools very much as they are done to-day. After that, by eleven or twelve say, there would be a distribution of children according to their aptitudes. Thereafter very largely they would "learn by doing". Adolescent education would be much more in the nature of apprenticeship than college teaching.

And the long rural string of merry games,  
That at such outings maketh much ado,  
All were to Lubin's skill familiar names;  
And he could tell each whole performance through,  
As plann'd and practis'd by the jovial crew:  
—Great sport to them was jumping in a sack,  
For beaver hat bedeck'd with ribbons blue;  
Soon one bumps down as though he'd broke his neck,  
Another tries to rise, and wondrous sport they make.

And monstrous fun it makes to hunt the pig,  
As soapt and larded through the crowd he flies:  
Thus turn'd adrift he plays them many a rig;  
A pig for catching is a wondrous prize,  
And every lout to do his utmost tries;  
Some snap the ear, and some the tunkey tail,  
But still his slippery hide all hold denies,  
While old men tumbled down sore hurts bewail,  
And boys bedaub'd with muck run home with piteous tale.

And badger-baiting here, and fighting cocks—  
But sports too barbarous these for Lubin's strains:  
And red-fac'd wenches, for the holland smocks,  
Oft puff and pant along the smooth green plains,  
Where Hodge feels most uncomfortable pains  
To see his love lag hindmost in the throng,  
And of unfairness in her cause complains,  
And swears and fights the jarring chaps among,  
As in her part he'd die, 'fore they his lass should wrong.

And long-ear'd racers, fam'd for sport and fun,  
Appear this day to have their swiftness tried;  
Where some won't start, and 'Dick,' the race nigh won,  
Enamour'd of some 'Jenny' by his side,  
Forgets the winning-post to court a bride;  
In vain the rout urge on the jockey-clown  
To lump his cudgel on his harden'd hide,  
Ass after ass still hee-haws through the town,  
And in disgrace at last each jockey bumps adown.

And then the noisy rout, their sports to crown,  
Form round the ring superior strength to show,  
Where wrestlers join to tug each other down,  
And thrust and kick with hard revengeful toe,  
Till through their worsted hose the blood does flow:  
For ploughmen would not wish for higher fame,  
Than be the champion all the rest to throw;  
And thus to add such honours to his name,  
He kicks, and tugs, and bleeds to win the glorious game.

And when the night draws on, each mirthful lout  
The ale-house seeks, and sets it in a roar;  
And there, while fiddlers play, they rant about,  
And call for brimming tankards frothing o'er:  
For clouds of smoke ye'd hardly see the door;  
No stint they make of 'bacco and of beer;  
While money lasts they shout about for more,  
Resolv'd to keep it merry when it's here—  
As toils come every day, and feasts but once a year.

With village-merriments digress'd awhile,  
We now resume poor Lubin's joys again,  
And haply find him bending o'er a stile,  
Or stretch'd in sabbath-musings on the plain,  
Looking around and humming o'er a strain,  
Painting the foliage of the woodland trees,  
List'ning a bird that's lost its nest complain,  
Noting the hummings of the passing bees,  
And all the lovely things his musing hears and sees.

Where ling-clad heaths and pastures now may spread,  
He oft has heard of castle and of hall;  
And curiosity his steps hath led  
To gaze on some old arch or fretting wall,  
Where ivy scrambles up to stop the fall:  
There would he sit him down, and look, and sigh,  
And bygone days back to his mind would call,  
The bloody-warring times of chivalry,  
When Danes' invading routs made unarm'd Britons fly.



## CHAPTER 12

### GUESTS

*"What a blessed change I find  
Since I entertained this Guest!  
Now methinks, another mind  
Moves, and rules, within my breast."*

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY: The Enlarging of  
the Heart.

SISTER MAGDALENE, SMILING, AS USUAL, OPENED THE gate for her, and stood beside it, waiting to shut it again.

Mrs. Bradley stopped in the entrance and said:

"Who else has a key to the gate?"

"A key hangs in the Common Room, Reverend Mother Superior has another, and a third is in the possession of Sister Saint Ambrose for letting the orphan children in and out to the guest-house after sunset."

So that was that, Mrs. Bradley thought. She thanked the lay-sister, passed through the gate and walked into the guest-house just as the gong was being sounded for the midday meal.

The dining-room was twice as long as its width, and a table ran almost the whole length of it with a place set at the head and another at the foot. These places, she found, were allotted to herself and to the Dominican, a merry-looking man of forty or so, with a jowl which no amount of shaving could make any colour but blue, black eyes as sharp and bold as sloes, and a very beautiful

voice. He was, Mrs. Bradley learned, convalescent after long illness, and was hoping to return to his monastery in the near future. He had read all her works, and discussed them with her during most of the meal. He was a learned, entertaining companion, and the fact that the length of the table lay between them did nothing to abate his enthusiasm. Mrs. Bradley attempted, now and again, to talk to her neighbours, but the Spanish lady, another refugee, Señorita Mercedes Rio, and one of the two young French girls, who were going to Rome later on for their novitiate in the mother house of the Order, had scarcely a word to say.

"My father, my brothers, my lover, all are killed," the Spaniard said, and lapsed into a silence which Mrs. Bradley hesitated to disturb. When the meal was over and Dom Pius had, for the second time, said grace, Mrs. Bradley met him, of set purpose, in the doorway, and laid a claw on his sleeve.

"You have something you wish to ask me?" enquired the monk, inoffensively but definitely drawing away from her touch.

"I want to talk to you about something of considerable importance. Will you walk with me in the garden?"

They passed through the convent gate again, the Dominican, who was in orders, automatically blessing Sister Magdalene as he passed, and began to stroll together towards the orchard.

"Last Monday week, father," said Mrs. Bradley slowly, "the day on which the guests took the little orphan children to the pictures . . ."

"I remember. I did not go. Oh—we are allowed to go—that is to say, there is nothing forbidden about it—the theatre, yes, the cinema, no, not at present—but actually I did not accompany the others."

"That is exceedingly interesting. Did anyone else not go?"

"You have good reason, doubtless, for asking me this, and I know, of course, why you are here. I cannot remember that anyone else did not go. But, then, I should hardly have troubled myself, I think, to find out who went and who did not."

"Father Thomas?"

"Yes, he went in. It is not forbidden, you see, and the little children loved him. They would not have been so happy; had he not gone, therefore he went to please them. It is good to be loved by children."

"What did you do, then, whilst the others were at the cinema?"

"I went into the local museum and studied the exhibits in the cases. I have seen better, but these were quite interesting. Palæolithic, Neolithic, Bronze Age—some Roman things, of course—Saxon, a mediæval pot or two—it was not rubbish—nearly so, not quite. I was there for three hours, and then we all had tea."

"Where?"

"In the guest-house, here, and the little children had theirs here, too, and then we played with them at bears, and then the good sisters came and took them to put them to bed. We did not know then of the dreadful thing that had happened, of course, in the guest-house."

"I suppose you did not talk to the doctor, father, after he had examined the child?"

"I did not see him, no. I knew that the child was not dead by half-past twelve, but that you also know. I went up to that bathroom at the last, before we left, to bring down a watch which one of the ladies had left. This death is strange and terrible. Such things happen; I have known of them; but not where it is peace, as it is here." He hesitated, and then said charmingly, "But



I am keeping you, and you will wish to be away pursuing your enquiries. It is quite dreadful, and a great family, yes."

"Not, I believe, a great family. Certainly a wealthy one," Mrs. Bradley replied. "And the little girl was the heiress."

"Where there is much wealth there is sometimes much wickedness. It is like that, money." They were back at the great gates. He bowed, and Mrs. Bradley smiled, and let him go. There was a service at two o'clock each day, she remembered. Probably he wanted to attend it. She wondered whether all the other guests would go, too. Since the monk could not provide an alibi for anybody else, and since his own was (only technically) suspect—she could not imagine the Dominican killing a child—it would be just as well to establish that the rest of the party had actually spent their time at the cinema, and that none of them had sneaked back to the guest-house to meet Ursula Doyle.

She was fortunate, for, even as she stood thinking, a girl she had noticed at table, a frail, black-eyed creature who looked extremely ill, came past the gates and smiled at her as she passed. Mrs. Bradley arrested her progress.

"It is a little warmer," she said. "Are you going to Vespers, possibly?"

"No, I am sorry. I am to take the air for an hour every afternoon that it is fine. Did you wish for a companion to go with you?" Her foreign accent was almost undetectable.

"No. Please walk about the garden with me for a little while. I, too, have to take the air," Mrs. Bradley, partly mendaciously, explained.

"Ah, yes, that will be pleasant. I am not good alone. There is much to think about. Do you think much?"

"Many things," responded the doctor sourly, "but I don't want to play. When you get to the sanatorium you can play with flies to your heart's content—like the rest."

"Is it play when a man is willing to stake his freedom on a fly?"

Gramp could see that the phrase had captured the doctor's attention and he hurried to keep it. "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll let you take the deadliest thing you got there and put some of it in a tumbler. Then you catch a fly and put him in the poison. You can leave him in as long as you want to. Then you fish him out and give him a chance to recover. If he's dead I'll give myself up to you, to the police, to anyone, go to the insane asylum, do anything you say. How about it?"

"You will?" asked Mr Grimes, painfully trying to turn on his side toward Gramp.

"I will."

Grimes looked at the doctor and the doctor at him. Both of them were Anglo-Saxons, and they came from a race that had to bet to breathe. Some of their savage forebears had gambled themselves into slavery. Instinctively they respected a man who would take such a chance. Each of them was thinking the same thought: the old man was insane. What of it? If he was willing to risk it, why not decide it to his own satisfaction?

Grimes nodded to the doctor.

"O.K.," said young Sherwood.

"Wait a minute," said Gramp. "It ain't much of a bet that don't cut both ways. If the fly lives will you believe I ain't mad, and to prove it will you" (pointing his finger at Mr Grimes) "swear I'm sane the minute you get back to the sanatorium, and will you further swear that you shot yourself accidentally with your own gun, and will you" (pointing another finger at the doctor) "give me the bullet you dug out of him, and will you keep your mouth shut?"

That stunned them. All they could do was to look at each other and then back to Grandfather. The doctor recovered first. "By God," he exploded, "I've studied enough biology, zoology, and chemistry so that I'm sure of one thing: I know damn well I can kill a fly."

"No, you can't either," Gramp challenged him.

"By God, I can! I've studied chemistry for eight years, and if I can't kill a fly, you're welcome to the bullet and my whole damn medicine kit. How about it, Grimes, are you game?"

"I am," murmured the wounded man.

"You both swear?"

"I do."

"I do too."

"So do I," said Gramp. "Now how we goin' to



## XI

### BAGPIPE MUSIC

It's no go the merrygoround, it's no go the rickshaw,  
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.  
Their knickers are made of crepe-de-chine, their shoes are  
made of python,  
Their halls are lined with tiger rugs and their walls with  
heads of bison.

John MacDonald found a corpse, put it under the sofa,  
Waited till it came to life, and hit it with a poker,  
Sold its eyes for souvenirs, sold its blood for whiskey,  
Kept its bones for dumb-bells to use when he was fifty.

It's no go the Yogi-Man, it's no go Blavatsky,  
All we want is a bank balance and a bit of skirt in a taxi.

Annie MacDougall went to milk, caught her foot in the  
heather,  
Woke to hear a dance record playing of Old Vienna.  
It's no go your maidenheads, it's no go your culture,  
All we want is a Dunlop tyre and the devil mend the  
puncture.

The Laird o' Phelps spent Hogmanay declaring he was  
sober,

Counted his feet to prove the fact and found he had one  
foot over.

Mrs. Carmichael had her fifth, looked at the job with  
repulsion,

Said to the midwife, 'Take it away; I'm through with  
over-production.'

It's no go the gossip column, it's no go the Ceilidh,  
All we want is a mother's help and a sugar-stick for the  
baby.

Willie Murray cut his thumb, couldn't count the damage,  
Took the hide of an Ayrshire cow and used it for a bandage.  
His brother caught three hundred cran when the seas  
were lavish,  
Threw the bleeders back in the sea and went upon the  
parish.

It's no go the Herring Board, it's no go the Bible,  
All we want is a packet of fags when our hands are idle.

It's no go the picture palace, it's no go the stadium,  
It's no go the country cot with a pot of pink geraniums.  
It's no go the Government grants, it's no go the elections,  
Sit on your arse for fifty years and hang your hat on a  
pension.

It's no go my honey love, it's no go my poppet;  
Work your hands from day to day, the winds will blow the  
profit.  
The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever,  
But if you break the bloody glass you won't hold up the  
weather.

much of her time in expecting, producing, and tending, became more personal. John Mytton, as the father of five, began to take a lively interest in these odd little products—some would say a trifle too lively an interest. His affection for them, or interest in them, was as violent as certain other aspects of his nature. He was wont to express his delight in these small Myttons by hurling them into the air (a habit that does not seem to have evoked the same howls of protest as did his treatment of Harriet's lap-dog); playfully he would throw oranges at them, and his mode of greeting them, a not unnatural one for a man so devoted to the chase, took the form of a loud view-halloa, roared into their ears whilst they were still in the earliest stages of infancy. Small wonder was it that in later years those who survived in spite of this treatment should emulate, if in a lesser degree, the prowess of their father in the hunting-field. Of the five children, three grew up, but Charles Orville died a month before Euphrates Henry at the age of nine.

. . . . .

Halston had another inhabitant, who often found himself playing the role of spectator and sometimes that of victim, and this was the Reverend William Owen. His early days at Halston, it will be remembered, had been fraught with every manner of hazard; but as time went on he had become accustomed to this. Nature had provided him, as it were, with a protective shell or covering that sheltered him from some of the



exigencies of his service. Long ago he had realized that John Mytton was not of a religious frame of mind and he suited his sermons accordingly. He knew when he mounted the pulpit in Halston's small chapel in the meadows beyond the lake, that his patron's thoughts were wandering towards the stables or hovering perhaps among the woods; his sermons, accordingly, were brief, and he was careful to avoid mentioning any matter that might offend the squire, should he perchance be listening to his words. Mr Owen had, withal, a great respect for John's intelligence. After a night's hard drinking (for Mr Owen fitted well into the pattern of life at Halston), he cried, with sudden insight: 'Only think, sir, what the squire, with his abilities, *might have been* and only see what he *is*!'

Mr Owen, though doubtless he walked in the ways of God, did not let the colour of his cloth debar him from making his progress through life a merry one. He could drink with the best of them. But like Parson Adams he was one to whom things happened; he seemed designed by nature to be the victim of every sort of joke, and there were few better fitted to withstand such treatment.

Before going to Halston, Mr Owen had expected a living to be given him by a 'hunting, racing, cock-fighting parson' cousin of his. The cousin, in fact, had gone so far as to offer it to him. Time elapsed and nothing happened, so Mr Owen wrote to his cousin. The answer he received was short, but very much to the point. It read:







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ANTONIOS REVENGE

132

### CHAPTER XVII

THIS advance of the enemy had seemed to the youth like a ruthless hunting. He began to fume with rage and exasperation. He beat his foot upon the ground, and scowled with hate at the swirling smoke that was approaching like a phantom flood. There was a maddening quality in this seeming resolution of the foe to give him no rest, to give him no time to sit down and think. Yesterday he had fought and had fled rapidly. There had been many adventures. For to-day he felt that he had earned opportunities for contemplative repose. He could have enjoyed portraying to uninitiated listeners various scenes at which he had been a witness, or ably discussing the processes of war with other proved men. Too, it was important that he should have time for physical recuperation. He was sore and stiff from his experiences. He had received his fill of all exertions, and he wished to rest.

But those other men seemed never to grow weary; they were fighting with their old speed. He had a wild hate for the relentless foe. Yesterday, when he had imagined the universe to be against him, he had hated it, little gods and big

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gods; to-day he hated the army of the foe with the same great hatred. He was not going to be badgered of his life, like a kitten chased by boys, he said. It was not well to drive men into final corners; at those moments they could all develop teeth and claws.

He leaned and spoke into his friend's ear. He menaced the woods with a gesture. 'If they keep on chasing us, by Gawd, they'd better watch out. Can't stand *too* much.'

The friend twisted his head and made a calm reply. 'If they keep on a-chasin' us they'll drive us all inteh th' river.'

The youth cried out savagely at this statement. He crouched behind a little tree, with his eyes burning hatefully, and his teeth set in a cur-like snarl. The awkward bandage was still about his head, and upon it, over his wound, there was a spot of dry blood. His hair was wondrously tousled, and some straggling, moving locks hung over the cloth of the bandage down toward his forehead. His jacket and shirt were open at the throat, and exposed his young bronzed neck. There could be seen spasmodic gulplings at his throat.

His fingers twined nervously about his rifle. He wished that it was an engine of annihilating power. He felt that he and his companions were

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ANTONIOS REVENGE

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JULIUS CÆSAR

Act V, Sc. 3

SCENE II — *The Same. The Field of Battle*

(*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*)

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

(*Loud alarum*)

Let them set on at once, for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III — *Another Part of the Field*

(*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS*)

*Cas.* O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly:  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

(*Enter PINDARUS*)

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

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Act V, Sc. 3

JULIUS CÆSAR

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

(PINDARUS ascends the hill)

This day I breathed first; time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

*Pin.* (above) O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on him;  
Now, Titinius! now some light; O he lights too:  
He's ta'en; (shout) and, hark, they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down; behold no more.  
O coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

(PINDARUS descends)

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;  
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword — Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit]

(Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA)



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### ANTONIOS REVENGE

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#### DEVELOPMENT

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with a bullet in his heart and surrounded by police photographers. High words in such a presence were sharp exemplification of something Appleby knew well enough; that the shock of violent death will obliterate and transform social responses in a very remarkable way. But now both men made an effort to control themselves, and it was in his normal manner that Nave addressed Appleby.

"Dr. Biddle, who is police-surgeon, has done me the honour to include my signature on the preliminary report that must be signed, it seems, before the body is moved. That is why we are here. But Dr. Biddle proposes, I understand, to offer a contribution to knowledge as well."

The tone insinuated that country doctors—even those who attend on dukes—do not commonly make contributions to knowledge and it almost sent Biddle off his balance again. He contented himself with a frown—but the anger was there, and apparently it was going to unleash itself on the police. "I wish to say," said Biddle belligerently, "that it would have been proper in you to consult me at once on the cause of death."

"The cause of death!" said Appleby in genuine astonishment.

"Tcha! The manner of death, if you prefer it. Suicide. I am convinced that Lord Auldearn committed suicide and that this intensive police investigation is unnecessary and . . . and highly indecorous."

"Suicide . . . unnecessary . . . indecorous!" It was Nave who broke in, and for a moment he seemed angrier even than before. Was it, Appleby wondered, the common-enough irritation of an able man before a donkey-colleague? And was Biddle a donkey?

Biddle continued resolutely. "Suicide, I say. Lord Auldearn was a sick man; a dying man, in fact. He was

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suffering from a not common but nevertheless unmistakable"—he shot a venomous glance at Nave—"unmistakable disease which has only one end. And he took a quick way out."

Appleby glanced at Nave. "You disagree about his having been mortally ill?"

"Most certainly I do not. But clearly——"

Appleby interrupted smoothly. "I see, you were discussing the technical details when we came in. But, Dr. Biddle, have you any reason to suggest for Lord Auldearn's choosing such—well—such a striking occasion for his deed?"

"He had a damned queer humour," retorted Biddle. And beneath the competent and humane, if momentarily upset, old practitioner Appleby seemed to see for a moment a raw medical student to whom most sophisticated attitudes would be inexplicable.

Nave said drily: "And so—if it was suicide—must other people have had—damned queer. Somebody, for instance, picked up the revolver and humorously hid it in Yorick's skull——"

Appleby whirled on him. "*How do you know that?*"

Nave looked mildly surprised. "The Duke told me—my good sir!" He turned back to Biddle. "*Your* skull, by the way, Dr. Biddle. And then that somebody, or another somebody, fell into the spirit of the evening and stabbed the unfortunate little Indian." He looked blandly from the startled Biddle to Appleby. "Dr. Biddle and I were so absorbed in scientific talk that I forgot to tell him. Somebody has thrust a dagger into Mr. Bose's heart. And I have come to the conclusion—mere student of the mind that I am—that the result has been death."

Biddle, shocked apparently by the news and goaded afresh by Nave's irony, again exploded against the police.



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### ANTONIOS REVENGE

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#### City Churches

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#### City Churches

with an anchor about his neck. Hence he became the patron saint of seamen. It is sometimes claimed that this is the 'oranges and lemons' ch. (see 'Strand'). It came into the possession of the Crown, but by Q. Mary was invested in the Bps. of L. According to Stow, in his time it was a small ch., with no noteworthy monuments save those of Alderman Francis Barnham, sheriff in 1570 (d. 1575), and his son, Benedict Barnham, also an alderman and sheriff in 1591 (d. 1598). Bacon m. a daughter of the latter.

height of 8½ ft., and the pulpit is handsomely carved. The altar is unusually elevated. In addition to a brass tablet, commemorating the three theologians mentioned, there are tablets also to Edwd. Purcell (d. 1740), son of the famous musical composer, Henry Purcell, and Jonathan Battishill, whose chants and anthems are still in use. Both were organists at St. C.'s. The ch. was rearranged and modernized in 1872. There is a nicely carved font, the cover has cherubs' heads. The stained glass showing Christ blessing little children was, in the same yr., given by the Clothworkers' Co., in memory of Samuel Middlemore, clothworker and parishioner of St. Martin Orgar, who d. in 1628, and left a charitable bequest to the par., for which he appointed the Co. trustees.

*St. Dunstan in the East* (Lower Thames St.). The earliest mention is c. 1100. It was sometimes called 'St. Dunstan by the Tower' and 'S. Dunstan near Fanchurch.' It was dedicated to that scheming and ambitious 10th-century prelate whose canonization caused Chas. Dickens—in his *Child's History of England*—to wax sarcastic.

'When he died, the monks settled that he was a saint, and called him St. Dunstan ever afterwards. They might just as well have settled that he was a coach-horse, and could just as easily have called him one.'

Stow records the burial of John Kennington, parson, in 1374, the earliest he seems to have found. In addition to aldermen and a sergeant-at-arms he mentions the burial 'under a fayre monument' of Sir Bartholomew James, draper, who was Ld.M. in 1479; Wm. Hariet, draper, Ld.M. in 1481; Sir Christopher Draper, Ld.M. in 1566; Sir Richd. Champion, draper, Ld.M. in 1568. Stow describes St. D.'s as 'a fair and large church of an ancient building, and within a large churchyard.' There was a monument on the N. side of the chancel, erected by his widow, to Sir John Hawkins, who d. at sea—off Porto Rico—in 1595. Here was bd. Alderman Jas. Bacon, a fishmonger, sheriff in 1569, who d. 1573. He was the youngest brother of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper (see 'York House'). Here also was bd. Admiral Sir John Lawson, who was mortally wounded

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Three theologians are commemorated in the ch.—by a brass tablet (1878) and the W. window. The first is that quaint writer, beloved of Elia, Thos. Fuller. On his return to L. after the surrender of Exeter to the Parliament in 1646 he held for a short time the position of lecturer. Pearson, afterwards Bp. of Chester, was appointed lecturer in 1650, and preached here a series of discourses on the Creed, which were afterwards incorporated in his renowned *Exposition*, published in 1659, and dedicated to the parishioners of St. C.'s. The third was Brian Walton, the learned compiler of the Polyglot Bible. He was rector of St. Martin Orgar (q.v.), the par. of which was united with St. C.'s after the G.F. Walton was deprived of the living by Parliament at the outbreak of the Civil War, and reinstated and made Bp. of Chester at the Restoration in 1660. A rector of St. C.'s who suffered similarly was Dr. Benjamin Stone of Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, who was presented to the living by Bp. Juxon in 1637. During Cromwell's domination he was deemed to have papist leanings, and was confined for a time in Crosby Hall (q.v.). From thence he was removed to Plymouth, where, after paying a fine of £60, he obtained his liberty. On the Restoration he recovered his benefice, but d. 1665. There is record of an interesting epitaph in the ch. to Q. Elizabeth, similar to that in the ch. of All Hallows the Great (q.v.).

St. C.'s Ch., having been burnt in the G.F., was rebuilt by Wren in 1686. It has one aisle on the S. side, separated from the rest of the ch. by two columns on high bases. There is a clerestory with small windows. The ceiling is most ornamental. The walls are wainscoted to the



in the sea-fight with the Dutch off Lowestoft in 1665.

There is in the ch. a list of the Bps. of L. since Mellitus, 604. Amongst these is Ralph Stratford (Bp. of L., 1340-53). He had spent much money on this ch., and loved it so dearly that he expressed a dying wish to have his body taken from his palace at Stepney and laid here before burial in W.A. His coat of arms (in the E. window) became that of the see of L.—i.e. two crossed swords.

The ch., extensively repaired and almost rebuilt in 1633, was practically destroyed by the G.F. The outer walls remained for the most part, but the tall lead-covered spire and the whole of the interior were consumed. Wren was consulted in 1671, and, in the work of rebuilding, the parishioners were materially assisted by the generosity of Dame Dyonis Williamson, of Hale's Hall, Norfolk, whose grandfather, Richd. Hale, had been bd. in the old ch. She gave £4,000 towards the cost, in addition to contributing £2,620—the largest individual subscription—for the rebuilding of St. P.'s Cath. and £2,000 for rebuilding the ch. of St. Mary-le-Bow. The steeple was not completed until 1699. It is Wren's most charming work in this regard, four arched ribs supporting a graceful spire. The steeples of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, St. Giles's, Edinburgh, and King's Coll., Old Aberdeen, are of similar construction. There is a tradition that the idea was suggested to him by his only daughter Jane, who d. three yrs. after its completion, at the early age of 26. A further tradition that the young lady lay down beneath it, when the props were removed, by way of a spectacular assurance to the sceptics that the spire would not fall, is much more incredible. The rector, the Rev. Arthur West, says:

'You must go down St. Dunstan's Hill to within a dozen paces of the Customs House. Then the narrow shaft can be seen from the bottom to the top, framed in the counting-houses which flank it. It expands lily-like, lighter and whiter as it rises with unique symmetry and grace as seen through the frosted tracery or abundant foliage of a plane tree, which was 41 feet high in 1720 and which is mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh. . . . Giotto's Baptis-

mal Tower in Florence does not expand more flower-like, and our Portland stone has somehow learnt to wash itself white in October gales from smoke and City murk.'

On a sunny morning it can also be seen to considerable advantage from L.B., and happily it is not yet blocked from view by some commercial excrescence like the tower of St. Magnus the Martyr Ch. In reconstructing the ch. Wren did not follow Gothic principles, as he did later in the spire, but divided it into nave and aisles by means of Doric columns. By 1810 there was considerable decay manifest, and the walls were found to have been forced so much as 7 in. out of the perpendicular by the pressure of the roof on the nave. The ch. was thereupon pulled down, with the exception of the steeple, and a new edifice erected between 1817 and 1821. The architect was David Laing, who a few yrs. before had built the Custom House, and he was assisted by (Sir) Wm. Tite, who was, later, to rebuild the Royal Exchange. The style of the present ch. is Perpendicular Gothic, and this was adopted to erect a bdg. in harmony with the steeple. It contains two side-aisles, divided from the central portion by slender clustered columns and pointed arches, and above is a clerestory.

During excavations for the new bdg. some relics of the pre-Fire ch. were discovered. Amongst these were fragments of an E. window. These served as a model for the construction of the central E. window of the present ch., which contains the arms of Abps. Manners Sutton, Howley, and Sumner, and Bp. Blomfield. On each side of the central E. window is a smaller window. The one on the N. contains a copy of Overbeck's painting of Christ blessing little children, and the S. window is filled with a copy of the 'Adoration of the Wisc Men' by Paul Veronese. There are nine windows, five in the S. wall and four in the N., each of which bears two coats of arms. The benefactors thus commemorated commence with Wm. Sevenoaks, 1426, and conclude with Sir John Moore, 1702, and Sir Wm. Russell, 1705. On the N. wall of the chancel there is a monument to Sir John Moore. The lengthy inscription says that he was

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### ANTONIOS REVENGE

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Never more woe in lesser plot was found.  
And, ô, if ever time create a Muse,  
That to th' immortall fame of virgine faith,  
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,  
Presenting it in some black Tragedie,  
May it prove gracious, may his stile be deckt  
With freshest bloomes of purest elegance ;  
May it have gentle presence, and the Sceans suckt up  
By calme attention of choyce audience :  
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,  
Instead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

C A N T A N T

*Antonij vindictæ.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*FINIS*

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### The Oldest Industry in the World 97

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hollows, and the rock-rose blooms in summer," or did once. Everywhere over an area of more than twenty acres the ground is pitted with vast craters of chalk and flints, reminiscent of a piece of the shell-blasted battlefields of France. These are Grimes Graves. No one knows why they are so called, though it is supposed that the name was given by the Scandinavian or Saxon invaders of England to any ancient earthwork or tumulus for which they could not account.

The first actual reference to the diggings, in 1586, described them as "small trenches or ancient fortifications," and another, in 1739, refers to them as "a very curious Danish encampment." The idea that they were of military origin persisted down to the middle of the last century, when scientific excavations revealed them as the flint mines of prehistoric man. As the excavators sunk their shafts through the loose rubble, they came across the bones of a man, of small oxen, sheep, pigs, deer and dogs—domestic dogs, too, though it is somewhat pathetic that there is evidence in plenty to show that when too old for hunting "the dog it was that died," in the cook-pot! Actually, the excavators were only emptying old shafts dug by the primitive workers in search of the precious flint. These shafts are vertical,

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decreasing in diameter as they near the bottom, until at last the main flint level or "floorstone" is reached, and though all the flint has been worked out thousands of years ago, of themselves and their activities the workmen have left abundant trace. For example, in the surface layer of hard chalk at the mouth of one shaft holes are still visible. Into these fitted the ends of a beam from which the prehistoric digger let himself down by a grass or raw-hide rope. It is known that he hewed out the flint with picks made of the antlers of deer, as hundreds of these have been found in the diggings. Once he had got the flint to the surface, he proceeded to fashion the huge blocks into arrow-heads, scrapers, axes, spear-heads, needles, pins and fish-hooks. His only instrument was a quartzite pebble, ground to an edge by sand against hard stone, but so skilled were these ancient workmen that they could strike off flakes of varying size and shape from the block, and then by laborious chipping fashion these into the instrument required.

This was thousands of years ago, and it is interesting to see how the work is done to-day. The quarries are now on the common land at Lingheath, where the townsfolk have the right of digging for flint, and where the method of quarrying is, if anything, even more primitive



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### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

scattering the huts and people like flies, spreading destruction and death in their path.

Occasionally when out at dinner parties in England it has been my misfortune to sit next to some vapid, soft-brained idiot of a woman who would lecture me on the shameful way in which "those poor dear elephants were hunted to death in Africa." She had once, when young, been for a ride on an elephant at the London Zoo and had "loved elephants" ever since. She had flung herself into the fray and had waged war against cruelty to these splendid beasts of the wild. To her a man who had hunted and shot an elephant was a monstrous brute who ought to be hanged without trial. Upside down, for preference.

It would then be my privilege to enquire of my companion if by any chance she had ever stood in a bush village in Central Africa soon after a herd of elephant had hurtled through. I would then tell her not to talk such unmitigated nonsense, and have the satisfaction of seeing the good soul mentally erasing my name from her visiting list.

The African elephant is wild and untamable. He is a killer. No doubt he despises his gentler, more amenable Indian brother, who allows himself to be clad in rich silken trappings and to be employed as a means of conveyance for venerable Rajahs and their distinguished visitors.

The elephant in Uganda had long been protected, and, if you can cosset so un-cosy an animal, duly cossetted. Burly and enthusiastic rich sportsmen from home who came out to what is called "get

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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

their elephant" had to pay through the nose for the privilege. They were allowed one elephant and no more. If they shot a cow elephant by mistake—as they frequently did—their bank account was considerably depleted by enthusiastic Government clerks.

The Government saw to it that the elephant was in no danger of being stamped out and that any such stamp duty should be a high one. A large tract of country, known as the Game Reserve, was set apart for elephant and other wild animals. Here they could live—and die—without fear of man. When they entered the Preserve they were in baulk. They could be looked at through field-glasses and "shot" with cameras, but their skins were safe. They were left in peace to graze, sleep, eat and propagate their species. A paradise in which if the lion did not exactly lie down with the lamb, it was a very near thing.

But the number of elephant in Uganda soon grew to alarming proportions. One or two white hunters were given periodical short contracts by the Game Department to sally forth and kill the marauders. Some fell to the guns of the rich, enthusiastic sportsmen from England. But it was like throwing pebbles into a pond . . . disturbing for a fraction of a second the unruffled surface. No more.

Natives were terrorised. Their dwellings stamped—their banana trees destroyed, and with them their sustenance of life. No Governor did much about the terror and the Game Department went back to bed. Till Geoffrey Archer came on

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### *Victoria's uncle*

Osborne and Balmoral and to save money out of his wife's civil list, can only spare a lecture on improvidence for his dear brother. And now Albert was taking the bow before all the world for this vast international enterprise: while Ernst was represented in a remote corner of the Zollverein department by some fruit stones which he had carved with a penknife into rabbits and other shapes.

Another German potentate who had little cause to love Prince Albert was the King of Hanover. This extraordinary man was the son of George III and the uncle of Queen Victoria. For nearly seventy years he had been known and detested in England as the Duke of Cumberland, an able and extreme Tory whose dominance over George IV was complete. At the death of William IV he succeeded, according to the Salic law, to the throne of Hanover. In Hanover he was a completely successful and completely autocratic king: but Hanover was only a consolation prize. He felt himself more than worthy of the throne of England. The birth and survival of Queen Victoria had always seemed to be a personal affront to him: before her accession, he was generally suspected of a design upon her life, and since then, their relations had been embittered by her detention of some Crown Jewels to which he was entitled. It was bad enough to be cut out of the throne of England by a slip of a girl; but that she should proceed to marry that prig from Coburg and to have children by him almost every year, was perfectly unbearable. The King contrived to pick a quarrel with Prince Albert about precedence, which actually came to blows in St. George's Chapel. On that occasion the Prince prevailed: but later the King scored heavily. He had suggested going for a walk from Buckingham Palace: Prince Albert objected that they would be molested by the crowd if they did. "Oh never mind," said the King, "I was once quite as unpopular as you are, and they never bothered me."

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*the King of Hanover*

Of all Prince Albert's priggish and conceited ideas, the King of Hanover considered that the exhibition was the worst. His letters to Lord Strangford devote almost as much attention to this topic as to the twin menaces of Jews and Papists. The exhibition would be the death of English trade, and a rallying-point for all the disaffected elements of Europe. For his own part nothing would induce him to set foot inside it : he would sooner retire to his little cottage at Kew. We may imagine that those of his subjects who wished to send their goods to the exhibition found little encouragement from his officials. In fact there were only ten exhibits in all from Hanover, though one of them was the Morse telegraph. The old King died a month after the closing of the exhibition. During his short reign, he had put up a stout and courageous resistance to the continual aggrandisement of Prussia. He had kept his country out of the Zollverein to the end : within a few weeks of his death, Hanover also succumbed.

Apart from Hanover, only the Mecklenburgs, Nuremburg, and the Hanseatic cities of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen maintained their ancient independence. They were poorly represented in the exhibition ; though one striking object from Hamburg was a suite of stag-horn furniture, which consisted of sofas, chairs and so forth actually bristling with horns in all directions, disposed with an equal disregard for symmetry and safety. Indeed, the utter improbability of some of these baronial excesses gave them the same sort of charm as other people have found in tea services made of fur.

The Netherlands section was of a dullness unrelieved. The Belgian section was of a dullness relieved only by the badness of some of the sculpture. One Eugène Simonis had sent a plaster cast of his colossal equestrian statue of Godfrey of Bouillon, which was the worst piece of sculpture in the building, a work which entirely



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### The Manuring of Grass

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hay can be obtained by the application of farmyard manure every year. This, however, as has already been explained, makes for weediness and a rank herbage. A very general practice is to apply dung and basic slag in alternate years. This has succeeded well under many conditions, but the continued application of slag under some circumstances leads to a reduction in hay yield. The absolute necessity is to manure for hay, and excellent results can be obtained by resort to complete dressings of artificial manures, supported at about four-yearly intervals by adequate applications of a suitable bagged lime.

The wisest method of manuring meadows is to alternate different treatments over a run of years, and not continually to employ dung or continually to rely upon artificials. It is here desirable again to emphasize the absolute necessity of using potash on all fields where dung is not applied every year. It should also be emphasized that dung has a very beneficial influence on red clover, and is therefore an admirable manure for one- and two-year leys from which hay will be taken, or for the earlier years of a long-duration ley in which a good late-flowering red clover has been sown, and from which hay will be taken in each of the first two years.

**Manuring for the Production of Dry Grass.** It has been estimated that for every ton of dried grass taken from a field there should be a return equivalent to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of C.C.F. No. 4,\* which contains 10 per cent nitrogen, 20 per cent phosphoric acid and 10 per cent potash. This indicates the necessity of the regular manuring of fields from which grass for drying will be taken. It is not sufficient merely to apply nitro-chalk for the purpose of increasing the yield of individual cuts, but the question of basal supplies of lime, phosphates and potash must be constantly borne in mind and attended to as necessary.

**The Manuring of Pastures.** This falls under two headings,

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namely, the general improvement of the sward and the production of bulk for controlled and intensive grazing.

*Sward Improvement.* This aspect of the manuring of pastures has been sufficiently dealt with, and it is only necessary to emphasize the extreme importance of the proper use of lime and of the appropriate phosphatic manures.

It should be added, however, that ammonium sulphate may be employed for the special purpose of reducing daisies and other mat herbs when these occur to excess; applications of this manure should, however, be accompanied by very heavy grazing, and if the dressing has been repeated for two or three years, which is often necessary, the field should be subsequently limed and heavily phosphated.

Where moss is very abundant this may be greatly decreased by generous applications of superphosphate obtained as fresh as possible from the manufacturers.

*Intensive and Controlled Grazing.* With proper control of the animals, and intelligently employed, nitrogen is a very valuable aid to grass production. That is the modern view based on exhaustive experiments. Intensive and controlled grazing is also a method of pasture improvement. From the point of view of botanical balance it is a fact that the better and most productive grasses make the heaviest calls on fertility. The good grasses, like perennial rye-grass and cocksfoot, are demanders of higher fertility than grasses like Yorkshire fog and bent. Thus the good grasses are favoured as fertility is increased. By phosphating the clovers are increased and fertility is built up, to the advantage of the grasses. By adding artificial nitrogen in addition to basal dressings of lime, phosphates and potash, fertility is also built up and the better grasses are encouraged. The effect of repeated doses of nitrogen on fields full of white clover, and even under well-controlled grazing, is likely to be to decrease the clover. Under proper management, however, the clover can be maintained at a good level: at a level sufficient quickly to respond to an altered method of manuring and of stocking.

The chief use of nitrogen in connexion with intensive



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#### THE CRISIS AND RENUNCIATION

musical instruments, and ranging themselves in order, danced, and sang, and played delightfully. But the Bodhisattva, his heart being estranged from sin, took no pleasure in the spectacle, and fell asleep. And the women saying, "He for whose sake we were playing has gone to sleep. Why should we weary ourselves?" laid aside the instruments they held and lay down to sleep. Lamps fed with sweet-smelling oil were burning. The Bodhisattva waking up, sat cross-legged on the couch, and saw those women with their musical instruments laid aside and sleeping—some drivelling at the mouths, spittle-besprinkled, some grinding their teeth, some snoring, some muttering in their sleep, some gaping, and some with their dress in disorder—plainly revealed as horrible sources of mental distress.

'Seeing this change in their appearance, he became more and more dissatisfied with sense-desires. To him that magnificent apartment, as splendid as Sakka's residence, began to seem like a charnel field full of corpses, like a great area laden with diverse offal. Life, whether in the worlds subject to passion, or in the formless worlds, seemed to him like staying in a house that had become the prey of devouring flames. An utterance of intense feeling broke from him: "It all oppresses me! It is intolerable!"'

This repugnance of a misogynist for sex and the objects of sexual desire rises at times to an unbearable pitch and achieves a positively psychopathic intensity. The disgust then ceases to be directed against women as such: it transforms itself into an hallucinated abhorrence of the human body and everything connected with it. Thus in the *Gradual Sayings* there is a chapter of the *Book of the Nines* entitled "A Boil," which, for sheer morbidity, compares favourably with the inspired utterances of some of the early Christian saints and martyrs:

'Imagine monks, a boil, which has been gathering for

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GAUTAMA BUDDHA

many years. It might have nine gaping wounds. Thence whatever might ooze out, foulness would ooze out, stench would certainly ooze out, loathesomeness would certainly ooze out; whatever might be discharged, foulness would certainly be discharged, stench would certainly be discharged, loathesomeness would certainly be discharged.

“A boil”—that is the name for the body, monks, made up as it is of four elements, begotten of mother and father, a lump of gruel and sour milk, impermanent, subject to erosion, abrasion, disruption, and dissolution, with nine gaping wounds, nine natural openings. And from it whatever might ooze out, foulness would ooze out, stench would certainly ooze out, loathesomeness would certainly ooze out; whatever might be discharged, foulness would certainly be discharged, stench would certainly be discharged, loathesomeness would certainly be discharged. Wherefore monks, be ye disgusted with the body.’

But the world of the legend is strictly subject to the law of opposites. Every element in it inevitably produces its antithesis. The element of recoil brings into play a powerful element of attraction; the touch of disgust is counterbalanced by an irresistible craving and desire. On the one hand, Gautama’s biographers credit him with a supreme loathing for the body; on the other, they attribute to him a rueful nostalgia for its warm, sensuous delights. In the story of the Great King of Glory they show him dilating on the voluptuous beauty of his ‘Woman-Treasure’ in a passionate retrospect:

‘Now further, Ananda, there appeared to the Great King of Glory the Woman-Treasure, graceful in figure, beautiful in appearance, charming in manner, and of the most fine complexion; neither tall, nor very short; neither very stout, nor very slim; neither very dark, nor very fair; surpassing human beauty, she had attained unto the beauty of the gods.

## VII SOME GRACEFUL "LONG DESCENDER" FACES

### 'Monotype' VAN DYCK Series No. 203

THIRTEEN Pt. of this new face in a new book from Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Max Miller: *Mexico Around Me*. Printed by Messrs. T. & A. Constable.

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### 'Monotype' CENTAUR Series No. 252

TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from *Nature in Downland* (Open-Air Library Set, 3s. 6d.).

By W. H. Hudson. Published by Messrs. Dent, Printed at the Temple Press.

TWELVE Pt. in *The Pleasure of Your Company* (one of last year's "50 Books").

By J. & D. Langley Moore. Published by Messrs. Rich & Cowan. Printed by Messrs. Richard Clay.

TWELVE Pt. in a new book from Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson: *Victoria and Albert*.

By Hector Bolitho. Printed by the Camelot Press.

ALSO THE 22 Pt. WITH SHORTENED DESCENDERS that was used to set the famous Oxford Lectern Bible.

Leaf from a pamphlet, printed for us by the Oxford University Press, in which Mr. Bruce Rogers described the problems involved in designing such an edition. (*Leaf specially reprinted.*)

---

### 'Monotype' LUTETIA Series No. 255

THIRTEEN Pt. in a leaf from *The Carnival* by Frederic Prokosch.

Published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark.

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### 'Monotype' GOUDY MODERN Series No. 249

TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from Nikolaus Pevsner's *Industrial Art in England*.

Printed and published by the Cambridge University Press. Many half-tones in text.

Note how good a choice this is for a wide-measure 4to on art paper.

Shortened descenders have been cut for Van Dyck in some sizes. This series is probably the finest Dutch Old Face in existence. Centaur should never be used on art paper. It is the best of the "Jensonian" faces. Lutetia is cut in Didot sizes. The italic is a particularly graceful *Cancellaresca*, with many fine swash caps. Goudy Modern is the best long-descender face of "deep tone", i.e. suitable for use on coated paper.





# Lectern Bible

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that the proposed Bible should, if possible, be set in a larger type than had recently been used, and the 22-point Centaur seemed the most likely size that would prove at all practicable. Taking my problem to Mr. W. I. Burch, Managing

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## THE BULL-FIGHT

paratively cruel death for animals, then, the death of a bull in the ring is debatable. But the cruelty to the horses, blindfolded and padded though they may be, is debatable not at all.

If one could explain why these two old horses must be brought in to compose one of the acts of this three-act drama, then one could explain the psychological nature of Mexicans and Spaniards. I have heard it said that the horses are there to supply comedy relief to the show. Perhaps, and yet that explanation leaves the question as mystifying as ever. For those horses do not move. They are held next the railing and, like the railing, the horses also might be of wood.

The picador who is to take the first blow from the bull is seated with the right side of his horse towards the animal. The picador's right leg is encased in thick leather and metal, his right foot in a huge metal stirrup. The pad on the horse resembles a ship's collision mat. The picador's long pike is in place to meet the bull. The point of the pike has a guard on it so that the point will not enter the bull's shoulder beyond a short distance. It is up to the picador to try to hold the bull away from the horse. And from this moment on, any attempt at reasoning out beauty in a bull-fight becomes rudely out of focus.

This second act, with these horses bewildered and stumbling, is as incongruous to the art of a pageant as were the two wheelbarrows in the grand entrance parade, the *paseo de las cuadrillas*. For behind the

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#### MEXICO AROUND ME

matadors in this parade, and behind the banderilleros, and behind the picadors, and behind the teams of belled mules come (as they always come) these two wheelbarrows pushed by men in street-sweeper's white. It is as if the grand entrance, like a circus parade, must be made as large as possible despite the type of articles which go into it. It is as if these two wheelbarrows, bringing up the tail-end of the scarlet and gold and yellow, were there for the deliberate purpose of symbolizing the ultimate termination of all pomp.

These wheelbarrows should be comedy relief enough, yet as comedy relief they are not intended. Nor are they needed till the conclusion. They are marched off again along with the belled mules. But the parade does do this much : it shows which is the oldest veteran among the day's three matadors. He always is on the left, the next oldest in point of professional years is on the right, and in the middle is the newest.

One might take for granted that each of these matadors would have the final say in how his own show with his own bulls should be run. But the signals for one detail to end and the next to begin come from the *presidente* of the day. He and his staff are seated in a decorated box, and he relays his orders through trumpet blasts from the orchestra. He announces when the matador has played with the bull enough in those opening onrushes of the fresh bull. He



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## HOSPITALITY

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~~But whether our new customs are better or worse~~

## SUMMER HEAT

A second amusing adventure, which I had at a farm in a deep hollow in the midmost part of the South Down range, where it is broadest, remains to be told. The small grey old house, shaded by old trees, so far removed from the noise of the world in that deep valley among the great hills, had enchanted me when I first beheld it, and hearing later that the people of the house sometimes took lodgers in summer, I went to inquire. I left the village north of the downs where I was staying a little after seven o'clock in the morning, and after being out on the hills for over six hours in a great heat, visiting many furzy places in my ramble, I went down to that shady peaceful spot where I hoped to find a home. Some old trees grew on the lawn, and on a chair in the shade sat a grey-haired man in broadcloth clothes, his feet in red carpet-slippers, looking very pale and ill. He was, I supposed, a visitor or guest, and a town man; probably a prosperous tradesman out of health, too old to make any change in the solemn black respectable dress he had always worn on Sundays and holidays. Going on to the open front door I knocked, and after a time my summons was answered by the landlady, a person of a type to be met with occasionally not in Sussex only but all over the country, the very sight of which causes the heart to sink; a large, heavy-bodied, slow-minded, and slow-moving middle-aged woman, without a gleam of intelligence or sympathy in her big expressionless face; a sort of rough-hewn pre-adamite lump of humanity, or gigantic land-tortoise in petticoats. When questioned, she said No, she could not take me in. Yes, she took lodgers and had a party now; they were going, but then

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## MEXICO AROUND ME

### *NATURE IN DOWNLAND*

another party had engaged to come. She never took but one party at a time—that was her way. Cross-questioned, she said that it didn't matter whether it was a single man who was out every day and all day long or a family of a dozen, so long as it was one party. She laid herself out to do for one party at a time, and had never taken more and couldn't think of taking two—it upset her.

Very well, that point was decided against me; it was now time to say that I had been out walking in the sun for over six hours and was hungry and thirsty and tired—could she give me something to eat while I rested? No, she could not; it was hard to get anything in such an out-of-the-way place, and the provisions in the house were no more than were needed. Oh, never mind, I returned, some bread and cheese will do very well—I'm very hungry. But there was no bread and cheese to spare, she said. Then, I said, I must make a drink of milk do. There was no milk, said she, or so little that if she gave me any they would be short. Then, I said, getting cross, perhaps you will be so good as to give me a drink of water. She revolved this last request in her dull brain for a minute or so, then saying that she could do that, slowly went away to the kitchen to get the water.

During our colloquy another person, a well-dressed elderly woman, the wife of the man in broadcloth and slippers, had come into the hall and listened. She now dived into her rooms, and in a very few moments returned with as much bread and cheese as a hungry man could eat on a plate; then taking the glass of water from the landlady's hand, she insisted on carrying the plate and the glass out to

# Lectern Bible

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## HOSPITALITY

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But whether our new customs are better or worse than those which have been superseded will be seen from what follows. We will merely take this opportunity of saying, in case any of our friends should buy this book (which, judging by the conduct of authors' friends in general, does not appear likely), that if from time to time we preach better things than we practise—that if these ensuing chapters make us seem more courteous, more considerate, more delicately polished in our manners, than they know us in reality to be, the reason is because we have made it our aim to be as helpful as possible to as many people as possible, and for this purpose it is necessary to take the *best* standards that lie within the range of our experience. We must offer, so to speak, the Highest Common Factor of the hospitality known to us, and not the Lowest Common Multiple.

That this Highest Common Factor is by no means dependent upon financial considerations was never more true than in the present time when the snobbery of wealth is now more widely recognized than it has ever been as the crudest of all snobberies. No, the first—the only indispensable—requisites are not money and luxury, but *good feeling, good organization and a willingness to take trouble*. It is possible that the finest host in England—could we but know his name!—would be found to depend for his successes on little more than these. It is certain he could not deserve his title without them.

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A FEMININE PARTY IN THE FIFTEENTH  
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. . . ' Good gossip mine, where have ye be ?  
It is so long since I you see !  
Where is the best wine ? tell you me :  
Can you aught tell full well ? '

' I know a draught of merry-go-down—  
The best it is in all this town :  
But yet I would not, for my gown,  
My husband it wist.' ' Ye may me trust.'

' Call forth your gossips by and by—  
Elinore, Joan, and Margery,  
Margaret, Alice, and Cecily,  
For they will come both all and some.

' And each of them will somewhat bring—  
Goose, pig, or capon's wing,  
Pasties of pigeons, or some such thing :  
For a gallon of wine they will not wring.

' Go before by twain and twain,  
Wisely, that ye be not seen ;  
For I must home and come again—  
To wit, I wis, where my husband is.

' A stripe or two God might send me,  
If my husband might here me see.'  
' She that is afear'd, let her flee ! '  
Quoth Alice then, ' I fear no man !

' Now be we in tavern set ;  
A draught of the best let him fett,  
To bring our husband out of debt ;  
For we will spend till God more send.'



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VICTORIA AND ALBERT

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and a State in Australia bore her name. The main streets in remote colonial towns were Victoria Streets; the Maoris had made a statue of her in one of their villages; Canadian woodmen sculptured her out of snow in a clearing they had made in the backwoods, and they planted a fluttering Union Jack in her snow hand. Far away Universities were built in her name and she was prayed for in a hundred tongues.

When she drove through the streets of London, the old resentment was forgotten. The people were silent as she drove past, because they knew that she wished them to be. Her wish was so respected that when a visitor from America cried "Hurrah! Hurrah!" as the Queen drove by, she was buffeted and jeered at for daring to offend the quiet of her progress.

Sometimes at Osborne, her neighbours came to see her, with as little fuss as if she were the squire's wife. One afternoon "the great Poet Tennyson" came and stayed for almost an hour. It was "most interesting." He had grown very old, and his eyesight was failing. He was "very shaky on his legs," but "very kind." Tennyson too had been a rebel in his day; a bombastic Titan when aroused. But the restraint of age had come to both of them and they talked gently of the past. Tennyson had been born in 1809—in the reign of George the Third. "He spoke of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world where there would be no parting." He talked of his horror of unbelievers and philosophers.

When the Queen took leave of the old poet, she thanked him for his kindness. "I . . . said how much I appreciated it, for I had gone through much. . . ." Tennyson answered, "You are so alone on that terrible height. I have only a year or two more to live, but I am happy to do anything for you I can."

He was not quite right in saying she was "so alone." Only a few weeks before the Prince had celebrated his forty-second birthday. The Queen had written in her Journal, of his being "warm-hearted" and "kind." She added, "he is always a very good son to me."

The scenes at Osborne, in the quiet hour after dinner, might have belonged to any home. Queen Victoria would sit far away from the beechwood fire, listening perhaps to a duet being played by

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Princess Beatrice and one of the Ladies. Sometimes the Queen would sing herself, when there were none but her own daughters in the room.

Once, when she was almost sixty-five, she paused by the music stand and picked up a copy of *H.M.S. Pinafore* which had been so fashionable in 1874. She placed it on the piano, and then she sang:

*I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why,  
But still I'm called Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup I!*

*. . . Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup,  
Sailors should never be shy,  
So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,  
Come, of your Buttercup buy!*

The Queen finished her song without one faltering note. She turned to somebody in the room and said, "Yes, it is all over now. But, I *used* to be able to sing quite well. Once Mr. Mendelssohn listened to me, when I sang with the Prince. He said that we used to sing very nicely together. But, it is all over now."



# Lectern Bible

3

that the proposed Bible should, if possible, be set in a larger type than had recently been used, and the 22-point Centaur seemed the most likely size that would prove at all practicable. Taking my problem to Mr. W. I. Burch, Managing Director of the Monotype Corporation in London, he at once expressed the keenest interest and offered me all the facilities and resources of his organization to forward my experimental work.

¶I knew, of course, that a double-column page was inevitable for ease of reading, so the first step was to have several lines of Bible text set in the regular 22-point Centaur to an approximate column width. I printed enough of these proofs to paste up a large folio page with two columns of type, leaving an ample space between columns and adequate margins all round. On the opposite page I sketched in the heading of the Book of Exodus to represent 60-point Centaur type, as well as a five-line initial with a simple interlaced decoration. Without any calculations I sensed at once that these pages were going to prove too extravagant of space and too open and light for so large a surface. So the next procedure was to cast the same lines on 20-point body and pull proofs with the ascenders and descenders overlapping. Still the effect was too open, the letters too extended for solid composition, and for a time I abandoned Centaur for experiments with other types.

¶For a page with more colour I first tried Mr. Goudy's New Style—reproducing by zinc line-block a portion of a page that I happened to have with me in London. Proofs



of these zinc blocks were pulled and a page similar to my Centaur page pasted up. It was a decided improvement in strength of colour; but even with occasional modifications this type, much as I admire it, was too striking in effect and had too strong an appeal as 'typography' to suit my purpose; which was to produce a clear, legible page reminiscent of no particular period but as handsome as might be under the limitations.

¶ Bembo was the next type tried, but its only possible sizes were 18-point (too small) and 24-point (too large) so that an intermediate size would have to be cut; which at this juncture seemed impracticable. However, for comparison I had a page set in 18-point and submitted these three trial pages and data at another meeting with the Oxford officials, at which I reiterated my opinion that Centaur was not a possible type to meet the demands unless its lower-case letters were nearly all recut to fit more closely. My pasted-up pages were admired; but, alas, in size they were even more impractical than I had guessed, for the size of the leaf, I now learned for the first time, must not exceed the standard dimensions of folio Bibles used on the brass lecterns of most English churches—and this size was 12×16 inches. As 1½ inches was the minimum for the back or binding margins my ideal type page left only about an inch of margin round its other three sides—plainly impossible to contemplate.

¶ But Mr. Milford and Mr. Foss still preferred Centaur to either of the other types; so taking my problems again to Mr. Burch he furnished me with tracings of the 22-point

## VIII THREE "FAIRLY DARK" FACES

While out in the elms the traditional birds of the evening  
 Explore the rhythms of nightfall. The grapes  
 Now moistened by dusk, are threatening crystals.  
 One instant the wave comes to rest on the sunless shingles.

O where are you now, incessant wanderer, golden  
 Explorer? What wild Atlantic escarpments,  
 What wondering African tribes now devoutly  
 Receive and interpret your merciful, ageless ardour?

### VII

Many now sleep in the swarming arms of the cities:  
 In listless Vienna, and southward where sinking  
 Venice nuzzles her waters; and broken Toledo  
 And Prague, the city of endless saints and scholars;

And sulky Berlin, instinctive and strict as a beetle,  
 And deep in her webs, the puzzles of Moscow,  
 And eastward the enormous wall no longer the guardian  
 Of magic and poise; and frightened, frightening Tokio.

What they desire is a god, and the old simple power  
 To send their implacable chorus of thoughts  
 From the fragile and singular body out to the theatre  
 Of the collective father. To trust and forget.

What has faded away from the world is the candid silence,  
 The faith in the eye and the wish to linger;  
 And what has come is the victory by shock. Our nerves are  
 The vessels of speed and destruction. O try not to fear

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For women run through the flaming cities, hurling  
Their childless, terrible arms: and the need to love  
Lurks still as a hare: and the murderous spitting eagle  
Floats over the severed brain and the loud hysteria.

O what, to the dead, is justice? And to the living  
Power? For it is the unfulfillable  
Command to be loved which now has driven the vision  
Out to the desert and Iceland and into the sea.

## VIII

And now it is midnight. Mighty, O mighty the heavens  
And planets, the steadfast and comforting Pleiades, and  
Our favourite Orion: whom in the living water  
I watch, And I watch the fragments of fire forever

Seaward resolving. Goodbye, my rich and incomparable  
Day, and the total sunlight which splendour bestowed  
On each thought, and called into being the wish for truth  
And the fatal human desire for perfection. And love.

Now one last time alone I shall walk the accustomed  
Path. The wind stirs the leaves, the wind not only  
Of night; but ours: the season's: the world's: and  
History's. Farewell! For nothing is certain, forever

We still have to learn and endure how the marvel and vigour  
Of youth must vanish and from these arteries forever  
The springing delight must leak, and all our adoring  
Valleys and waves and wonder. Jupiter shimmers,



## VIII THREE "FAIRLY DARK" FACES

### RATIO BETWEEN GOOD & BAD IN ENGLAND & ABROAD

The previous sections of this book were bound to contain a confusing quantity of data and much criticism. It could not be otherwise. One needs a large amount of facts, in order to give a solid foundation to any suggestions for improvements, and one needs outspoken disapproval, partly for the same reason—we must know exactly how bad things are before we can take steps to alter them—and partly because any discussion dealing exclusively with the 5 or 10 per cent. of products which are well designed and well made is taking place in far too remote a sphere, a sphere which is of importance only to a small and ever decreasing class of people. To leave out the 90 per cent. of commercial goods, bought by the overwhelming majority of the nation, means to deprive the action intended of most of its vital value. But whereas fighting for improvements that concern only the "upper ten" would hardly be worth much energy, any struggle for reducing badly designed objects in general from 90 to 80 or 75 per cent. of the total production is no doubt a matter of utmost seriousness.

I said in the Introduction to this book that 90 per cent. of English industrial products are artistically objectionable. That may have sounded an exaggeration at the time. My survey of trades, I am afraid, has shown that it was a mild statement. I said also that I do not know of any country in which the majority of goods are aesthetically acceptable, but I think it is a fact that in some Continental, especially Central European, countries the ratio is more satisfactory than in England. To support this assertion I wish to quote some distinguished witnesses. Mr Frank Pick, in a speech at the Royal Society of Arts,<sup>1</sup> mentioned those "Continental neighbours who have given much closer attention for a long period of time to this problem of importing into industry the elements of art and good design". Herbert Read writes at the beginning of his book on *Art in Industry*: "The artistic quality of manufactured goods, especially in those countries influenced by the Bauhaus ideas of Professor Gropius, is undoubtedly higher than in Great

<sup>1</sup> *The Journal of the Royal Society of Arts*, p. 449, 20 March 1935.

180 RECENT WRITERS ON STANDARDS OF ENGLISH DESIGN

Britain.” John Gloag in *Industrial Art Explained* regards “most European countries” as “far ahead of England in those sections of industry that depend . . . upon a working partnership with design”.<sup>1</sup> And Noel Carrington compares the wealth of England with the economic collapse of Germany after the war, and states that the German crisis “made Design and Industry partners whether they liked [it] or not”, while English stability “proved an obstacle to its (the new industrial art’s) quick reception”.<sup>2</sup>

Whoever wants to see with his own eyes the truth of such depressing statements is invited to spend a morning at the British Industries Fair, an afternoon at a department store, and an evening in examining a number of trade magazines at a Public Library.

My primary aim in this second part of the present work is to summarize and tabulate the results of my research in conformity with various principles. It will be clear now to any attentive reader of the preceding sections that such results are bound to be far more complex and apparently contradictory than they might seem from most of the usual discussions on the subject. In my interviews with manufacturers, distributors and artists I could not fail to see what an alarming quantity of both sound and futile arguments, of arguments often overlapping and sometimes even excluding each other, must be considered, before any suggestions for improvements can be put forward.

#### SEQUENCE OF TRADES ACCORDING TO ARTISTIC QUALITY OF PRODUCTS

Looking back upon the trades discussed more or less fully, it is evident that their products differ greatly in artistic value. If I try to arrange them in an approximate order of merit of design, the first rank would be held by objects such as sports articles, travelling goods, motor-cars, sanitary appliances, watches, metal windows. Lettering, on paper as well as on metal, is hardly inferior. In furnishing fabrics, above all tweeds, linens, crashes and printed materials, some English goods are also amongst the best produced anywhere. The same is true of a few wireless cabinets, electric cooking ovens, synthetic resin products

<sup>1</sup> p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> p. 72.

## VIII THREE "FAIRLY DARK" FACES

### 'Monotype' PLANTIN Series No. 110

- (1) TWELVE Pt. in a leaf from an "Aldine Library" (4s. 6d.) book from Messrs. Dent.

Thomas Sharp: *English Panorama*. 63 illustrations. Printed at the Temple Press.

- (2) TEN Pt. in a leaf from Lancelot Hogben's *Science for the Citizen* (1,120 pp.) published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin this autumn.

Many illustrations. Printed by Messrs. Unwin Bros.

- (3) FOURTEEN Pt. SMALL FACE in GRAVURE: on verso of a leaf from *Sam*.

By John Crawford. Published by Messrs. Dent, 5s. Printed by Messrs. T. De La Rue.

- (4) NINE Pt. in a leaf from the famous Shakespeare Head "Omnibus" *Shakespeare*.

1,263 pp. 6s. Printed by the Shakespeare Head Press for Messrs. Basil Blackwell.

- (5) FOURTEEN Pt. in a leaf from a children's annual: Sibyl Owsley: *A Round-the-Year Brownie Book*.

Published by the *Girl's Own Paper* (R.T.S.). Printed by Messrs. Butler & Tanner.

- (6) FOURTEEN Pt. in *Through the Woods*, by H. E. Bates. Wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker.

Published by Messrs. Gollancz. Printed by the Camelot Press.

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### 'Monotype' POLIPHILUS Series No. 170

- ELEVEN Pt. in Messrs. Dent's *Everyman's Wild Flowers and Trees*. 6s.

By Miles Hadfield. 384 illustrations in colour, 120 line drawings. Printed at the Temple Press.

- TWELVE Pt. in Messrs. Methuen's *Burns—by Himself*.

Arranged and illustrated with 68 wood-engravings by Keith Henderson. Printed by Messrs. Butler & Tanner.

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### 'Monotype' ITALIAN OLD STYLE Series No. 108

- ELEVEN Pt. in a leaf from Messrs. Heinemann's *Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (889 pp.)

Printed by the publishers at the Windmill Press.

OTHER "FAIRLY DARK" FACES: GOUDY MODERN (§VII) BODONI 135 (§X)  
PLANTIN LIGHT (§IX).





which defeated Newton was solved by practical instrument manufacturers, of whom Dollond was the successful competitor for the most important work.

## HELL, UTOPIA, AND MIDDLESBROUGH 55

of the same attitude of mind. Ironically enough, no better example of the mixed currency of this golden age can be found than in Edinburgh New Town, an example that is rendered the more significant since it arose out of a conscious course of action by authority itself. In the planning of this new town, in contrast to nearly all the rest of the civic design of the age, it was recognised that the lower middle classes, at least, were members, albeit humble, of the social body dominated by God's elected few. They were therefore to have a place provided for them; a place chosen with the most careful deliberation. George Street and the other principal streets were to be wide, spacious, dignified; built with the greatest degree of elegance and taste. Those were for the mighty. Rose Street and Thistle Street were to be hidden away out of sight, a mere 30 ft. wide, 'built of an inferior style of architecture and of rougher work for the accommodation of shopkeepers and others, with narrow lanes for stabling purposes behind'. The provision was a trifle derogatory. Yet even in that the shopkeepers had been afforded unusual privilege, for the general mob of citizens was left entirely unprovided for, to remain in that fearful congestion on 'the tail o' the crag' which had driven the upper classes to seek out their more salubrious quarters elsewhere.

The same nice distinctions in social values were reflected in the old and new towns in all parts of the country. The glories of Bath and Cheltenham were not to be seen in the quarters inhabited by the less fashionable members of the community. Behind the pleasant façades of the houses of the gentry and the more prosperous merchants which lined the main streets of the country towns, out of sight beyond the narrow archways that gave the dead-end alleys and wyndes access to the main street, the 'lower orders of society' were congregated in



crowding and crowded cottages. In London there had been other building than that of fine streets and fashionable squares, and the old houses that were deserted for those elegant new ones in Bloomsbury and the West End remained to become the teeming rookeries of the poor.

Further, even in the best of the new developments the perfection of the architecture of the Street was not accompanied by the perfection of that less inspiring but none the less necessary art, the regulation of its sanitation. Water supply was still indifferent in the best of places : the disposal of sewage and refuse was carried out, if at all, by the most primitive of methods. Even the cleansing and repair of the public streets was so unorganised that as late as 1761 every man was responsible for removing the dirt and repairing the pavement in front of his own door. In all these things there was still little or no realization of the necessity of co-operative action. It was all too rarely that a corporation considered it necessary to appoint an expert to report on 'the Paving, Lighting and Draining of the Town', as did the governors of Abergavenny when they commissioned John Nash to do so in 1793. Yet important though these things undoubtedly are it is as easy to over-emphasise as to under-emphasise their effect on the pleasantness of the Georgian town.

For one thing the towns were still small, and their association with the countryside was very real. London was far away the largest city ; yet the fields were still within so close reach of almost every part of it that even towards the end of the eighteenth century a writer could complain of the outskirts of Westminster that they were invaded on Sundays by 'dirty blackguards, and poor parentless children, who have not any friends to take care of them, going about the fields and ditches



which defeated Newton was solved by practical instrument manufacturers, of whom Dollond was the successful competitor for the patent rights issued in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

This was possible, because another good quality glass was now available. The length of the spectrum produced by prisms of different kinds of glass varies considerably. For instance, if made of "crown glass" (calcium with potassium or sodium silicates), a prism of some particular size and shape produces a much shorter spectrum than one of the same dimensions made from "flint glass" (lead and potassium silicates). On the other hand, the magnifying power of lenses made of glass of two different kinds does not vary very much. This fact makes it possible to get high magnification without "chromatic

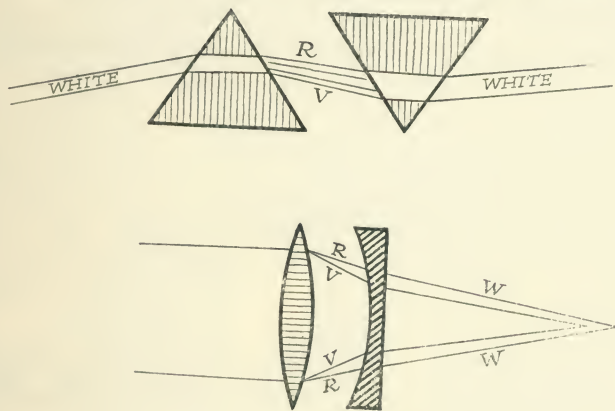


FIG. 106

Correcting chromatic aberration of lenses. A second prism placed as in figure neutralizes the dispersion of white light produced by the first. If the first prism is of crown glass, a *flatter* prism of flint glass suffices to neutralize the dispersion. In the same way a diverging lens of flint glass can neutralize the coloured fringe (RV) produced by a converging lens of crown glass. A flint glass lens which does this will be one of low diverging power as compared with the converging power of the crown glass lens. Hence the combination is itself a converging lens.

aberration," i.e. formation of coloured fringes which blur the outline of the image seen through a telescope or microscope. Modern instruments use Dollond's "achromatic" lenses formed by sticking together a crown glass converging lens of high curvature and a flint glass diverging lens of low curvature. The curvature of the flint glass lens is sufficient to neutralize the spectral "dispersion" of the crown glass lens in the same way as one prism can neutralize another (Fig. 106), without being sufficient to neutralize the magnifying power of the combination.

#### INTENSITY OF LIGHT

So soon as people were forced to an active interest in the nature of colour, the problem of measuring the intensity of a source of light acquired a new importance. If we match things by daylight our judgments do not agree with the result of matching the same things by artificial light. Nowadays

we explain this by saying that electric light or gas light contains *more* red or yellow light than sunlight. The conditions of urban life in northern climates, the multiplication of sources of illumination and artificial dyes have compelled us to set up a standard of measurement by which we can tell how much light we get for the money we spend on illuminating our streets and dwellings, and how different shades of pigment harmonize. The principle used in determining the candle power of an electric light bulb is a simple application of Alexandrian optics. The only evident reason why antiquity did not bother to measure light is that antiquity had no need to do so.

Intensity of ordinary white light is measured nowadays by comparison with a standard source of illumination. The first standard set up was a candle of particular dimensions and composition. The British standard was a sperm wax candle weighing six to the pound and burning 120 grams per hour. There are far more reliable sources of light today, and though we use the

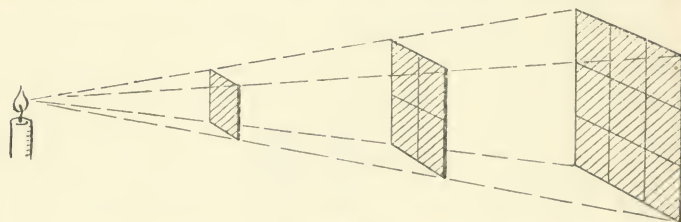


FIG. 107

A beam of light which diverges from one and the same source illuminates four times the area at twice the distance, nine times at three times the distance, and so forth. Hence the intensity of illumination or quantity of light falling on unit area is inversely proportional to the square of the distance.

term candle power, the actual physical standard used is not a candle. One of the best is a specially constructed burner for a constant mixture of air and pure pentane (the chief constituent of gasoline) arranged to give a flame of fixed dimensions. This is defined as a candle power of ten. To find the candle power of any other source of light by comparison we compare the distances at which the standard and the source of unknown candle power produce the same brightness. One way is to place them on opposite sides of a paper screen with a grease spot which makes the paper translucent in the middle. When the amount of light reflected from the opaque part and transmitted through the grease spot is equal on both sides, the outline of the grease becomes invisible. Another way is to compare the distances at which two shadows cast by the same object on the same screen, when the two sources of light are not quite in the same straight line with the object, look equally dark. From the elementary principle that "light travels in straight lines," it follows (Fig. 107) that the brightness of a source of light, i.e. the amount of light which falls on the same amount of surface, is inversely proportional to the square of the distance. So, if the distance of the source from the grease spot or shadow-screen of the "photometer" is three times the distance of the other, and the grease spot is invisible or the shadows are matched, its candle power is nine times as great.



III. I. 82-138

TITUS ANDRONICUS

III. I. 139-185

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.





The angry noises stopped as suddenly as they began.

Sam yawned delicately, allowing any cat or other marauder who might be interested to have a good look at some very strong, sharp teeth. He stretched his full length, letting the shoulder muscles ripple visibly. As a further warning, he unsheathed the long, wicked, curving claws, and polished them diligently in the soft wood.

As if to demonstrate that all this parade of his weapons was for his own amusement, not with any view to intimidating disturbers of the peace, Sam stretched out on a seat to take a sun-bath, and let his eyelids slide to the barest slits of light.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

LUCIUS.

O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer  
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:  
For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banisht man;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:  
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have maddened me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, like meadows, yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

LUCIUS.

Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine  
own.

LUCIUS.

Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—  
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

*Enter AARON the Moor alone.*

AARON.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy  
sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

LUCIUS.

Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you:  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

AARON.

Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

My hand shall go.

LUCIUS.

By heaven, it shall not go!

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

LUCIUS.

Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

And, for our father's sake and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

LUCIUS.

Then I'll go fetch an axe.



MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

AARON [*aside*].

If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off TITUS' hand.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS again.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch.  
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;  
More hath it merited,—that let it have.  
As for my sons, say I account of them  
As jewels purchased at an easy price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON.

I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—  
[*aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call!—[*to LAVINIA*] What, wouldst  
thou kneel with me? [*prayers;*]

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

O brother, speak with possibility,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes: [*flow?*]  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a MESSENGER, with two heads and a hand.*

MESSENGER.

Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—  
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Now let hot Aetna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some  
deal;

But sorrow flouted-at is double death.

LUCIUS.

Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*]

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banisht son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS ANDRONICUS.

Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears:  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me I shall never come to bliss  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear.—  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy  
teeth.—

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:  
And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]



## TWO TWEENIES

shoot right through her. It came in her throat and choked her. It stung her eyes so that she had to shut them.

But at last she framed the words she wanted.

'Mum,' she said, 'would you mind if I took Uncle's note to Brown Owl for Vera's chair? It's just what's wanted to buy it.'

Mrs. Bunn looked long at her little daughter. She was not the sort of mother who quenches generosity. But she had to consider. No, it would be no real hardship to do without that cycle for a little longer.

'I think it would be lovely of you, Daphne,' she said gently.

Daphne looked gratefully at her mother. The choky-smarting pain was worse than ever. Perhaps, all unconsciously, she had wondered if Mummie would forbid the sacrifice. But she hadn't. And all the good that was in Daphne rose up to be glad that it was so.

Yet, as she ran back to Brown Owl's house, the pain went with her as companion.

Brown Owl was in, but she was busy making cakes. She'd come in a minute, Brown Owl's mother told her, if Daphne would wait in the little room.

The window was still wide open. Daphne moved towards it and gazed at the trees just putting on their spring dress. She was only a little girl, but already she loved trees very dearly. It was not only their beauty, but their sturdy independence that called to her.

'Vera will be able to see trees every day soon,' she told herself bravely. Then she looked again round the room where she and Vera and Brown Owl had sat so happily. She went up once more to the picture of our Lord on the Cross, and gazed into the sad face that had smote her with its loneliness. As she looked into it, the beautiful eyes seemed to smile. At the same moment, just

A ROUND-THE-YEAR BROWNIE BOOK

outside the window, a bird song was heard in bell-like clearness. It came from a robin, that bird who, legend tells us, owes its crimson breast to the dying Saviour. It was but a small brown bird who flew to lessen the pain of his Master by plucking out one of the thorns that pressed upon His temples. It was the Life-blood that the bird drew with it that gave him eternal beauty.

The bird trilled on beneath the window. It seemed to claim comradeship with this child who had lessened the loneliness of his Master.

'The Fellowship of the Cross.' The half-heard words of her Brown Owl rang, very dimly understood, in Daphne's ears. Pain of body . . . pain of mind . . . Brown Owl was right. She had brought that pain to the Cross, and already it seemed changed into a radiance that the robin's song was translating into sound. She gazed again at the picture. Of course He was not lonely. Through the shadows around the Cross Daphne could now make out a countless multitude. The Fellowship of the Cross.

When Brown Owl came in she looked with pleased surprise at the dazzling smile that greeted her. Her mother had warned her that she thought 'something was wrong with that little Brownie person'.

'For Vera, Brown Owl. *Can* you get the chair before Easter?'

There was not a twinge of regret now as Daphne thrust the note into Brown Owl's hand.

Nothing was wrong. Instead, something was very, very right.



## OAKS AND NIGHTINGALES

broken. It can be curiously seductive and maddening, the song beginning very often by a sudden low chucking, a kind of plucking of strings, a sort of tuning up, then flaring out in a



moment into a crescendo of fire and honey and then, abruptly, cut off again in the very middle of the phrase. And then comes that long, suspended wait for the phrase to be taken up again, the breathless hushed interval that is so beautiful. And often, when it is taken up again, it is not that same phrase at all, but something utterly different, a high sweet whistling prolonged and prolonged for the sheer joy of it, or another trill, or the chuck-chucking beginning all over again. It seems to be done out of a kind of devilishness, or in a kind of dream, between



## THROUGH THE WOODS

intervals of sleep, as though the bird begins its phrase and drops off and then, waking again, takes up what it thinks it remembers.

The nightingale is not common here. We hear it, but never with that consistent multitudinous performance that, in some woods, keeps people awake at night. I am in fact surprised that we should hear it at all, here in a wood whose most constant music, winter and summer, is the keeper's shot-gun. I am surprised that it does not shatter that tiny bud of a bird into a far greater silence than even the longest of its own enigmatical pauses of passion between phrase and phrase.



## IX FOUR WIDELY-USED "OLD FACES"

'Monotype' GARAMOND Series No. 156 with regularized italic caps, 174

TEN Pt. in Messrs. Heinemann's *Bricks without Straw*.

Batsford's

### *I Begin as a Farmer*

the Banks of the Firth towards Ayrshire, I began a rough sketch of a poem  
with the lines—

#### ORCHID FAMILY

151

lance-shaped. Of grassy land, especially on hillsides and downs  
with limy soil in N. England, Scotland, and Ireland. Also called  
*Coeloglossum*.

417. FLY ORCHID, *Óphrys muscifera*, moss-like. Spring to early  
summer.

Tubers entire. Stem slender, from 4 in. to 1 ft. high, with only  
three or four flowers, which are remarkably like insects. Leaves fairly

to do it

rsity Press.

ny young  
I get him  
o not care  
r. I will

or about a

d & Ward.



413. SPOTTED ORCHIS

418. YELLOW FLAG

narrow and pointed. Of open woods, clearings, and chalk downs,  
mostly in E. and S.E. England, not found in Scotland. The bee  
orchid (*O. apifera*, with bee-like flowers) is a larger plant with a few rather  
large flowers having broad lips coloured a rich velvety brown, found on  
dry limy pastures, in the same districts as the last. Name from Greek  
*ophrys*, eyebrow, from the markings on the lip.

#### IRIS FAMILY: *Iridaceae*

A large family, with most members in S. Africa and tropical  
America.

Perennials, with tuberous, creeping, or bulbous rootstocks. Flower





## THROUGH THE WOODS

intervals of sleep, as though the bird begins its phrase and drops off and then, waking again, takes up what it thinks it remembers.

The nightingale is not common here. We hear it, but never with that consistent multitudinous performance that, in some woods, keeps people awake at night. I am in fact surprised that we should hear it at all, here in a wood whose most constant music, winter and summer, is the keeper's shot-gun. I am surprised that it is a far greater enigmatical part

152

### IRIS FAMILY

with six petal-like segments, three stamens, and one style divided into three stigmas. Fruit a three-chambered capsule.

In gardens, the *Gladiolus* from the Cape of Good Hope and its hybrids are generally grown (the genus includes a few European species also), as well as the less popular *Ixia* and *Tigridia* from the same country, and the American *Sisyrinchium*. But most frequently seen is the crocus, cultivated here for centuries and now often more or less naturalized. It is an extensive genus, found particularly in Spain, around the Mediterranean, and in W. Asia.

#### 418. YELLOW FLAG, *Iris Pseudacorus*. Summer.

Perennial with a thick creeping rootstock. Stem 2 ft. or more high. Flowers yellow, in twos or threes enclosed by a sheathing bract. The showy 'falls' are the equivalent of sepals; the petals are small and more or less erect, while the fringed, crest-like appendages end in the stigmas, which are on the lower side at the tips. They arch over the anthers, which are coated with pollen on the under side (see inset, Fig. 418). This structure may be followed out in the numerous irises found in gardens (Text Fig. 418).

#### 419. GLADDON, STINKING IRIS, ROAST-BEEF PLANT, *Iris foetidissima*, very fetid. Early summer.

Perennial with a branching rootstock. Stems up to 2 ft. high, leaves taller and evergreen; when crushed, they have a strong smell. Seeds bright orange or scarlet. Of woods and shady places on limy soils, particularly in the S. Name from Greek *iris*, rainbow, alluding to the colours of the flowers.

Many species, varieties, and hybrids of iris are cultivated in gardens, all from the N. temperate regions. They are of two distinct kinds, those with creeping rootstocks or rhizomes, and those with roots springing from bulbs. The fragrant orris root is the dried rhizome of the Florentine iris.

### AMARYLLIS FAMILY: *Amaryllidaceae*

A large family, for the most part centred in dry tropical or subtropical countries, but with several temperate representatives. Rootstock generally bulbous, from which spring the parallel-veined leaves. The flower consists of six petal-like segments, with six stamens (distinguishing it from the iris family). The ovary is always below (i.e. nearer the root than) the other parts of the flower.



## IX FOUR WIDELY-USED "OLD FACES"

'Monotype' GARAMOND Series No. 156 with regularized italic caps, 174

TEN Pt. in Messrs. Heinemann's *Bricks without Straw*.

### *I Begin as a Farmer*

the Banks of the Firth towards Ayrshire, I began a rough sketch of a poem with the lines—

. . . in gowany glens  
Where bonie lassies bleach their claes . . .

And I am determined from this time forth whatever I write to do it *leisurely*—

Where stately oaks their twisted arms  
Throw broad and dark across the pool . . .

*August 23rd. Mauchline.* I am enquiring for a place for my young brother William among the Saddler's shops in Edinburgh. If I get him into a first rate shop, I will bind him a year or two—I almost do not care on what terms. He is about eighteen now, really very clever. I will have him a first rate hand if possible.

I am on the way to my farm again, where I will be busy for about a month with the harvest.

I have wrote to Mrs. Mac Lehose.



Batsford's

rsity Press.

d & Ward.

## THROUGH THE WOODS

intervals of sleep, as though the bird begins its phrase and drops off and then, waking again, takes up what it thinks it

### *Burns—by Himself*

Here I am in the middle of my harvest, without good weather when I have reapers and without reapers when I have good weather. A tremendous thunderstorm yesternight and fog this morning.

Alas, curst wi' eternal fogs  
And damn'd in everlasting bogs . . .

Most of my neighbours may be said to lead a vegetable life. They only know Prose in graces, prayers, &c. and the value of these they estimate as they do their plaiding webs—by the ell. They have as much idea of a poet as of a rhinocerus.

I at intervals throw my horny fist across my bi-cobwebbed lyre, much in the same manner as an old wife throws her hand across the spokes of her spinning wheel.

Sept. 9th. *Ellisland.*

*To Mr. Beugo, Engraver,  
Princes St., Edinburgh.*

You are going to be married? Depend upon it, if you have not made some damned foolish choice, it will be a very great improvement. I can speak from experience (tho' God knows my choice was as random as Blind-man's-buff).

I am here at the very elbow of existence. If you see Mr. Alexander Naesmith, to whom I sat half a dozen times for my likeness, remember me to him most respectfully.  
R. B.

Sept. 10th. *Ellisland.* I am thinking of something in the rural way of the Drama-kind.

Is there nae Scottish poet burning keen for fame  
Would boldly try to gie us plays at hame?  
There's themes enow in Caledonian story  
Would show the Tragic Muse in all her glory.  
Is there no darling Bard . . .

. . . o' the Scottish nation  
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack  
And warsle Time and lay him on his back?

. . . If a' the land  
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand,  
Not only hear but patronize, befriend them . . .



## IX FOUR WIDELY-USED "OLD FACES"

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By Charles C. Norris. Printed by the Windmill Press.

"Il pleut doucement sur la ville  
Comme il pleut dans mon cœur."

As a matter of fact, it's a perfectly glittery and starry night, with a glow-worm outside the door, and on the sea a lighthouse beating time to the stars.

Well, adieu, fair lady, don't be cross and sad. Think that we have simply worn holes in our hankeys, with weeping.

Why should the cat sleep all night on my knee, and give me fleas to bear? Why?

There's a peasant wedding down below, next Saturday. The bride in white silk and orange blossom must clamber fearful roads, three hours there and back, to go to the Syndaco of l'Ameglia, to be married. Mass at 7.30 at Tellaro—*piccola colazione* at the bride's house at 8.30—*un boccone*—marriage at 10.0 at l'Ameglia—*pranzo* down here at mid-day. We are invited. But it's rather sad, he doesn't want her very badly. One gets married—*si—come si fa!* They say it so often—*ma—come si fa!*

Il pleut doucement dans la ville,  
I think I am missing a meal.

*A rivederla, signoria,*

D. H. LAWRENCE.

They call us "Signoria." How's that for grandeur! Shades of my poor father!

*Lerici, per Fiascherino,  
Golfo della Spezia, Italia.*

To A. W. McLeod.

2 Dec., 1913.

DEAR MAC,—

We were awfully glad to have the Dowson, but I was disappointed. I only knew the "Cynara" poem, and the verse, which ran in my mind:

"We are not long for music and laughter  
Love and desire and hate.  
I think we have no portion in them, after  
We pass the gate."

id, one of Messrs. Batsford's

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113

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## THROUGH THE WOODS

intervals of sleep, as though the bird begins its phrase and drops off and then, waking again, takes up what it thinks it

That always haunted me. But I had remembered it wrong—I always remember poetry wrong. I thought he was a simple, rather restrained poet—and I find him translating Verlaine very badly. It's a shame. And yet he is a poet—I rather love him. The playlet is piffle—but some of the songs—I hate the Beardsley illustrations.—I shall send you the book back soon—with many, many thanks.

We have been reading James Stephens—another disappointment.

Did you see my poem in the *New Statesman*, a fortnight or so back? Some people loved it—as for me—I got a guinea for it.

The other day, suddenly descended upon us Lascelles Abercrombie and W. W. Gibson and Trevelyan and a man called Waterfield. We were at a peasant wedding at a house on the bay, dressed in our best clothes in honour of the bride, and having an awfully good time. Gibson is a really lovable fellow—so is Trevelyan—and Abercrombie one of the sharpest men I have ever met. But it was so queer, to leave the feast and descend into the thin atmosphere of a little group of cultured Englishmen. At the upper room where the feast was spread were twenty-five people. There were nine fowls killed for the feast—and the next course was octopuses—(quite big ones, with arms half a yard long—I saw Ezzechieli bring them in from the sea, with their stony eyes open—and they nearly made me sick). The wine was running very red—then suddenly we must descend to these five English poets. It was like suddenly going into very rare air. One staggered and I quite lost my bearings. Yet they are folk I am awfully fond of.

W. H. Davies is coming in the spring—oh, lots of folk. How are you going on? You don't tell us much news about yourself.

I am writing my novel slowly—it will be a beautiful novel—when it's done. But here, it is too beautiful, one can't work. I was out rowing on the sea all afternoon—and the sea *did* heave—the sky is still coming up and down. There is a new moon among a miracle of a sunset, a sea all gold and milk white, with a train of fire—ah, you should come here.

Some time, send me just a newspaper, will you? Don't send books, they are so costly. You have no idea how much I got out of that *Ritual and Art* book—it is a good idea—but a school

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marmy woman who writes it.

It is dark. Elide must go to Tellaro—*io devo finire*.

*A rivederla,*

D. H. LAWRENCE.

*Lerici, per Fiascherino,  
Golfo della Spezia, Italy.*

To Edward Marsh.

Dec. 17, 1913.

DEAR EDDIE,—

We were awfully sorry to think of Jim Barnes's appendix, as you may imagine. By this time he should be getting quite well again—is he? You seem to take appendicitis lightly—which of course scares me. I think one ought to say "he's sure to die," then perhaps he'll get better quick. We don't mind waiting if you will really come. But I hope he is well again, or on the way there now.

I think of us driving in a carriage, glorious and resplendent, over the Magra from Sarzana to La Serra. But we must walk from Serra down here—about a mile—down paths as slippery and dangerous and beautiful as the road to hell. So don't bring your bigger luggage, because this place is nearly inaccessible.

We were to have other visitors, but they won't come because of their little baby, which they daren't leave with the Irish nurse in London. So we are mourning our neglected state. I do hope that appendix will consent to abdicate peacefully. Try to stay two nights—wring them out of somebody else. Otherwise the time would be so short.

Did the poets tell you how they came and found me in patent leather boots and black suit, playing Signore at the wedding? It was a shock. But we went back to the feast and had high jinks.

I loved Gibson still more than Abercrombie—perhaps because I know him better. But I think Gibson is one of the clearest and most lovable personalities that I know. Abercrombie is sharp—he is much more *intellectual* than I had imagined; keener, more sharp-minded. I shall enjoy talking

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## THROUGH THE WOODS

intervals of sleep, as though the bird begins its phrase and drops off and then, waking again, takes up what it thinks it

to him. We both loved Mrs. Abercrombie: she's not a bit like a Madonna, neither the Raphael nor Botticelli sort, so you're wrong there, sir. But she's most awfully jolly, and a fine true-metal sort that I love. They invited us to go and stay with them, both the Abercrombies and Gibson, with such warm generosity: and I shall kick my heels with joy to go.

About metres, I shall have to pray for grace from God. But (scissors!) I think Shelley a million thousand times more beautiful than Milton.

I send you a poem which you ought to like. If you do, give it to somebody to publish, when you've got an easy, leisurely occasion.

The poets let us in for society. They brought Waterfield from Aulla, he brought Mrs. Huntingdon, she brought Mrs. Pearse, and the plot thickens. We were the week-end at Aulla with Waterfield, who has quite a wonderful castle, in a sort of arena, like the victim, with the Apennines all round. It is a wonderful place, but it gives me the creeps down my back, just as if one sat in a chair down in the middle of the amphitheatre at Verona, and the great banks of stone took no notice, but gathered round.

Only when we were coming away, at the station, there were four men emigrating to Buenos Ayres, and two young wives looking bewildered, then tears, and Frieda howling on my left hand, and the emigrants on my right, till, I can tell you, I felt in the middle of a cyclone. It affects me yet.

We are just going to Mrs. Pearse's for tea. Last time they came here, we rowed them home. But coming back, Frieda and I fell out so frightfully—we were rowing one oar each—that the boat revolved on its axis, and seriously thought of diving under water out of our way. So to-day Madam must walk, whether she will or no.

Barrie—I remembered to put Dear Sir James Barrie, when I answered—I nearly put Dear Sir James Barrie, Bart.—wrote me a nice little note, and was generous enough to say he was going to be proud of me. He hasn't seen me—the *bel pezzo* that I am.

Perhaps I shan't write to you any more before Christmas. All Greetings and Good Wishes! How did you look, futuristic-



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Rutherford Montgomery: *Carcajou*. Printed by Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith.



His heart went out to her in fierce sympathy and love. She was nearer and dearer to him than ever before, but there was no way in which he could comfort her.

During the hot summer weeks, with so much anguish in the house, Dorothea was little with them. He had abetted Connie in urging that she be allowed to accept some of the invitations received from her sorority sisters.

"Really, Mother Kennedy," Connie had argued, "it's pretty dismal for a girl as vivacious and as fun-loving as Dorothea to stay in a home as sad as this. She loved George, of course, but she's young—and I think anything in the way of a distraction would do her good."

So Dorothea had gone for a fortnight to Fort Wayne and was now staying with another friend in Centropolis. She would be home in a few days and perhaps be off again for a few more for another visit to someone else. Connie told Jerry that Hugh was seeing her constantly, taking her to dinner and out for the evening as often as she would go. Of course, theatres and dancing were barred. That would not be right for a girl who had lost a brother so recently.

#### § 4

One Saturday afternoon Jerry and Connie went to Centropolis, and he and she, Dorothea and Hugh dined together, and it was after they had come back to the house where Dorothea was staying that Jerry had an interesting talk with Hugh on the subject of religion. The girls were gossiping upstairs; the men had gone to the kitchen to refresh themselves with beer. It was then Jerry asked his friend if he believed in a personal God and in immortality.

"Frankly, I don't," Hugh told him. He went on to explain that he could not accept the idea of a deity who meted out



punishments and rewards. That conception of God had been an invention of the early fathers of the Church, its purpose to make converts to Christianity through fear and material blessings—eternal damnation for those who refused to accept the new faith, a harp, wings, a crown of glory and the life everlasting for those who did.

Hugh expressed himself both clearly and forcibly. Jerry was impressed. His friend's ideas strongly appealed to his reason, but they clashed with all the beliefs of his childhood and boyhood.

"There's no such thing as sin," Hugh stated, "except what you *think* is sin. If you hurt a friend who trusts you, or you are unfaithful to an obligation or break a promise, you're harming yourself—not God. There's no such *person* as God. . . ."

On the train coming back to St. Cloud he tried to continue the discussion with Connie, but his wife accepted the dogmas of the Catholic faith without question.

"They know a lot more than we do," she said of the priests. "They dedicate their lives to the study of theology, and they know what we ought to believe and what we shouldn't. It's not for us to question. You can't tell me that all the fine bishops and archbishops and prelates of the Church who have accepted and preached Catholicism for two thousand years have been teaching us lies and telling us to believe something they know isn't so!"

During his undergraduate days he had come in contact with a fine old scholarly professor of history, an Oxford graduate, a man with a splendid intellect whom he had admired tremendously and with whom he had come to be on fairly intimate terms during his last two years at St. Cloud.

So disturbed was he by his doubts, he longed to talk them over with Professor Waldo F. Gibbons. He toyed with the idea for a week and then one day, on impulse, telephoned the

### III

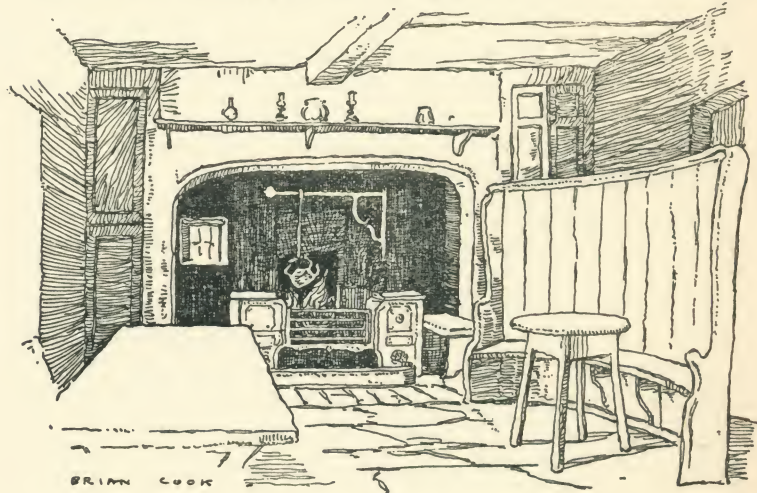
#### THE SMALL INN AND ALEHOUSE

While the large coaching inn at any period was of a type that varied little throughout the country, save in the brick, timber or local stone of which it was constructed, the smaller inn and alehouse provided, and still provide, a much more exact register of the character and usage of individual districts. The greater inns for the most part represent a slow growth by stages through the centuries, however emphatically their frontages proclaim a single period. The smaller inns, modestly typical of the building conditions of their locality, seldom shared the ambitions of their big brothers. Their function was to provide casual refreshment and good cheer—not the organised comfort required by the passenger in the age before steam. While the larger inn catered principally for a shifting and impersonal population engaged on the serious and uncomfortable business of travel, the alehouse supplied a purely local need, boasting its own circle of regular customers, its own collection of tap-room wags and characters, and frequently its own specialities in the way of food, drink, games, and amusement. Often it took pride in being a rendezvous of local sportsmen, as can be seen from signs such as *The Horse and Hounds* and *The Anglers' Rest* all over the country; and often, again, it set out to cater for a special line of custom, as in *The Waggon and Horses*, *The Bricklayers' Arms*, and, later, *The Railway Tavern*. At the cross-roads of England many of these smaller houses still stand, modest but inviting, disdaining the attractions of Neon lights and touring-club signs, but nevertheless offering a simple welcome to the traveller who chances to stop his car and enter by the tap-room door.

The interior, often enough, remains little changed from the time when Morland loved to portray the scene at these homely places of entertainment. There is still, probably, the great fireplace with its inglenook, and the



hooks along its upper beam for the pewter tankards. There are still the tall wooden settles of the chimney-corner, with the scrubbed deal tables and stools that have done service there since time immemorial. There may even be the old flagged floor, and the dark rafted ceiling, also with its hooks for hanging flitches of home-cured bacon. Perhaps an occasional ornament remains from the old days, such as a Georgian grandfather clock, or a Staffordshire figure; and there is the inevitable cork dart board, painted in gay coloured circles, on



THE OLD CHIMNEY-CORNER AT 'THE UNION INN,' FLYFORD FLAVELL, WORCESTERSHIRE

which local talent displays its prowess each evening from 'opening-time' on. The clutter of modern looking-glasses, ash-trays, display-cards and ornaments of every kind, thoughtfully provided by Big Business and loudly proclaiming its slogans, scarcely detracts from the sleepy charm of the effect; even the glutinous waltz-music oozing through the loud-speaker from a Jewish trio in a London grill-room seems, in some remarkable way, in keeping. The tradition of centuries is not lightly disturbed, and these alehouse parlours are as intimately connected with the history and fortunes of their villages as are even the manor-houses and the churches.



true, is decidedly comic. But I had no opportunity to find out, and for all I know it may be only a fable.

Apparently the Chinese are also good to do business with, very honest, and very loyal too to firms they have dealt with some time, not leaving them the instant a stranger offers cheaper terms. On the whole it does seem that Europeans find the Chinese likeable and the Japanese not. Japanese morality and sense of honesty, however it may work, seems to be quite hidden from and unfathomed by us. There is the story of the Japanese boy who was at first brought up in England, and when he went to school in his own country he complained to his father that it wasn't fair how another boy had sneaked. His father told him to remember that there was no such word as fair in the Japanese language. I myself have not seen enough of the Japanese to have any opportunity to dislike them. They sound a formidable people, so polite and so extremely tough. But they are attractive to look at. Those I have met were pleasant and had charm.

I do feel the Japanese more alien than the Chinese in this way: that whatever their far removed eastern sense of humour may be, it seems to be possible to amuse a Chinese man genuinely and on purpose, whereas with a Japanese man it is as though he only pretended amusement to please and be polite. I am not alluding to the well-known Japanese habit (which I have never come across) of laughing at whatever you say. This is supposed to be a device to gain time while they think up the come-back, which oughtn't to be necessary for such a smart nation! Of course it may not be at all true but merely well known. And admittedly a Westerner can't go all the way with the Chinese humorist. One of the Boys saw a good Chinese joke in a food store. A salesman was

gesturing to a customer, so his friend slipped one of those slicing knives for cheese or bacon up near him. The gesturing salesman duly cut his finger almost off, and as he held his hand up looking in a bewildered way at his finger hanging by a thread, how all the other Chinese salesmen laughed!

It was the Boys who took me around various markets of Surabaya. I admired the people in a Madurese part of the town very much; maybe the Madurese women are even better looking than the Balinese women, but the custom in South Bali of wearing nothing above the waist has got them better publicity. One of the Boys bought me a lovely pair of Chinese altar candles, huge red things with yellow suns and golden letters and great green and gold dragons. I was sending a suitcase of stuff back by Rotterdam Lloyd and to ensure safe arrival of my candles I parted with my great coat and wrapped them up in it. Very cold I lived to be in consequence.

And they took me to pay some most enjoyable calls. To see one of the world's finest collections of krises, housed, as it chances, in a garage. To see treasures of Balinese workmanship at the house of a fragile-looking banker who mountaineers relentlessly in his spare time. There was a final call at Kiet Wan Kie's that had an unhappy ten minutes. I ate too much—a shocking experience. In the East they serve such huge quantities of Chinese food that no one ever asks for a whole portion. The usual thing is to order quarters of a lot of different things. Chinese food is filling; at Kiet Wan Kie's it is very good, and curiously drove me to try everything. I certainly ate less than anyone else, but all of a sudden without any warning I felt that I had had far too much. I didn't feel sick, or as though anything had disagreed with me,



## IN GALILEE

149

The land we traverse formed the inheritance of Issachar. The matchless fertility of its soil was no doubt present to the mind of Jacob when he blessed his son: *Issachar shall be a strong ass lying down between the borders. He saw rest that it was good, and the land that it was excellent.* (Gen. xlix, 14, 15.)

SCENE II

HAMLET

81

HAMLET. A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Gait.* Usually very slow, quartering, nuzzling walk. Can run quite quickly. Will roll or drop, ball-wise, down steep slopes, or from high ledges, landing on spines. Good swimmer.

*Voice.* Usually silent. Give subdued grunt or 'cough-like snort'. Said to scream if attacked by Badger. Young have shrill squeak.

*Varieties.* Albinos and partial albinos not very rare.

## MOLE

### *Talpa europaea*

*Habitat.* Europe and across Asia to Japan. Omnipresent in Britain. Recently extended to the north and north-west. Not in the Isles, except Mull and Ulva. Not in Ireland.

*Description.* Sexes alike. Length 140 mm. plus tail 28 mm. Weight about 4 oz. Whole body adapted to burrowing, forelegs thick and strong and set sideways on body. Eyes and ears minute and covered in the thick velvety fur, which stands upright on the skin, lying equally readily in any direction. Body cylindrical, with narrow, pointed, hard muzzle and thin tail. 6 teats, sometimes 8.

*Teeth*  $\frac{3-1-4-3}{3-1-4-3} = 44$ . Very sharp. Molars sharp pointed and W-shaped.

*Limbs.* Shoulder-blades long and narrow. Upper arm bone very short and thick. Shoulder-muscles immensely powerful. 5 toes on each foot, claws curved, and, on forefeet, flattened.





gesturing to a customer, so his friend slipped one of those slicing knives for cheese or bacon up near him. The gesturing salesman duly cut his finger almost off, and as he held his hand up looking in a bewildered way at his finger hanging by a thread, how all the other Chinese salesmen laughed!

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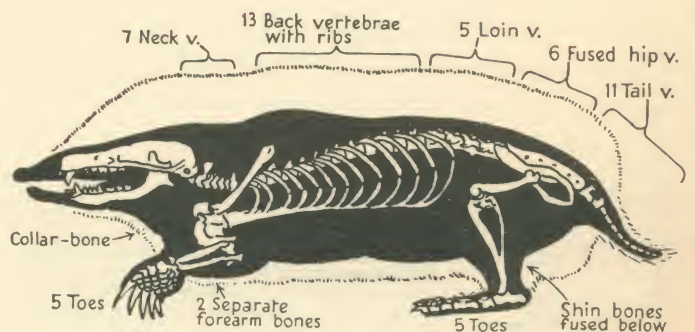
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MOLE. Scale  $\frac{1}{2}$



*Structure.* Vertebrae 7-13-5-6-11. Skull long and narrow. Short neck. Short and thick collar bone.

*Life history.* Once a year 2-7 young are born, naked and pink-skinned. Skin darkens and becomes hairy in about 10 days. Eyes open in 3 weeks. Gestation 4 weeks or rather more. Young, born about May, leave home June or July when about 5 weeks old.

*Yearly life.* No hibernation, but deeper digging in winter. Burrow in search of food, making, from their nests, long tunnels just under the surface, and throwing up small 'mole-hills' at short distances. The runs dug by the adult males

# IN GALILEE

149

The land we traverse formed the inheritance of Issachar. The matchless fertility of its soil was no doubt present to the mind of Jacob when he blessed his son : *Issachar shall be a strong ass lying down between the borders. He saw rest that it was good, and the land that it was excellent.* (Gen. xlix, 14, 15.)

SCENE II

HAMLET

81

HAMLET. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court ? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 261

ROSENCRANTZ. }  
GUILDENSTERN. } We 'll wait upon you.

261. fay Pope | fey Ff.

and what shadows we pursue." But perhaps the greatest commentary on this passage in *Hamlet* are the words of Prospero, *The Tempest*, IV, i, 156-158 :

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

260-261. outstretch'd : glorified. Delius thinks that Hamlet has in mind strutting stage heroes, but may not the allusion be to the sculptured images of kings and heroes on their monuments ? Hamlet is here playing or fencing with words, and seems to lose himself in the riddles he is making. The meaning is anything but clear ; perhaps was not meant to be understood. He says that he ' cannot reason.' But ' bodies ' is no doubt put for ' substance ' or ' substances,' and the sense appears to depend partly upon the fact that ' substance ' and ' shadow ' are antithetic and correlative terms, as there can be no shadow without a substance to cast it. Dr. Bucknill's comment is to the point :

If ambition is but a shadow, something beyond ambition must be the substance from which it is thrown. If ambition, represented by a king, is a shadow, the anti-type of ambition, represented by a beggar, must be the opposite of the shadow, that is, the substance.

261. fay : faith. ' Fay,' ' fey ' (the Folio spelling) " passed into English from contemporary French about 1300, and for a time was almost as common as the earlier form (' faith '), especially in certain senses, and in phrases such as ' par fay,' ' by my fay ' (Old Fr. *par fei*, *par ma fei*)." — Murray.



gesturing to a customer, so his friend slipped one of those slicing knives for cheese or bacon up near him. The gesturing salesman duly cut his finger almost off, and as he held his hand up looking in a bewildered way at his finger hanging by a thread, how all the other Chinese salesmen laughed!

*It was the Bore who took me to the Chinese.*

## 82 THE NEW HUDSON SHAKESPEARE ACT II

HAMLET. No such matter : I will not sort you with the rest of my servants ; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore ? 266

ROSENCRANTZ. To visit you, my lord ; no other occasion.

HAMLET. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you : and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, deal justly with me : come, come ; nay, speak. 272

GUILDENSTERN. What should we say, my lord ?

HAMLET. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 277

ROSENCRANTZ. To what end, my lord ?

HAMLET. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserv'd love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no. 284

ROSENCRANTZ. [*Aside to GUILDENSTERN*] What say you ?

HAMLET. [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off. 287

268. even Ff | euer Q<sub>2</sub>.

275. kind of Q<sub>2</sub> | kind Ff.

265. dreadfully attended. Probably by the 'bad dreams' of line 252.

266. what make you : what are you doing ? Cf. I, ii, 164.

270. dear a. For omission of prepositions after adjectives that imply value or worth, see Abbott, § 198 a.

286. of you : on you. Cf. 'of' for 'over,' II, ii, 27.



The land we traverse formed the inheritance of Issachar. The matchless fertility of its soil was no doubt present to the mind of Jacob when he blessed his son: *Issachar shall be a strong ass lying down between the borders. He saw rest that it was good, and the land that it was excellent.* (Gen. xlix, 14, 15.)

A blessing worded as this one may appear uncomplimentary to the Western mind. But in Palestine—as elsewhere in the East—the ass is a noble animal; it is certainly a hard-working one and the treatment meted out to it is all too frequently brutal. This heartlessness towards dumb beasts is surely yet another fruit of the selfishness and the lowering of intellectual and moral tone which seems inseparable from the religion of the Arabian impostor.

Time after time this plain has been drenched with blood; the dust of tens of thousands of warriors mingles with its dark soil. Egyptians, Assyrians, Syrians, Saracens and Turks have here met in bloody strife. These are the fields spoken of by our greatest tragedian when he puts these lines in the mouth of Henry IV:

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,  
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb  
To chase these pagans (the Saracens), in these holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

*Henry IV, I, i.*

The Crusaders' success was but temporary. The infidel returned; but we all hope that the last crusade of all, under a great British leader who was also a true Christian, has achieved the final liberation of the Holy Land from the blighting influence of the Crescent, though, let it be said with bated breath,

if Palestine were to become Jewish, the latter state, from the Christian point of view, might well be worse than the first. Gelboe rises on our right, to a height of about 1000 feet. It is the highest peak of a ridge of hills a few miles long and two miles wide. The barrenness of the mountain is eloquent proof of the efficacy of David's prayer, or curse, for he prayed that neither dew nor rain should fall on Gelboe where Saul and Jonathan were slain.

David's lament for Saul, his bitterest foe, and for Jonathan, his dearest friend, is one of those literary masterpieces which endure for ever because in them words are equal to the emotion. Nor is there here any literary artifice—on the contrary, its eloquence is due to the strength of the feeling—*pectus disertos facit* !

*The illustrious of Israel are slain upon the mountains : How are the valiant fallen ?*

*Ye mountains of Gelboe, let neither dew nor rain come upon you : Neither be there fields of first-fruits.*

*For there was cast away the shield of the valiant, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.*

*Saul and Jonathan, lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided :*

*I grieve for thee, my brother Jonathan : exceedingly beautiful and amiable to me above the love of women. As the mother loveth her only son, so did I love thee.*

2 Kings i, 19 seq.

Accents such as these are the expression of genuine emotion—thus do the heart-strings vibrate when joy or grief wrings them. David's lament will resound down all the ages, the noblest as it is the sincerest of all elegies.

The town of *Jezrael* stood somewhere here. It was the favourite residence of Achab ; here Naboth had his vineyard. This the King greatly longed to acquire so as to round off his own spacious demesne. Naboth would not sell his paternal inheritance, so Jezabel falsely accused him and had him put to death.



the perspicacity to hire one whom he had been told was a man of military genius. This man was the young Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus, who had already engaged in hostilities on German soil upon the Protestant side. He was actually attacking his own cousin, the King of Poland—under conditions which I shall describe later on—when Richelieu approached him, and by raising his terms was ultimately able to buy the man's military genius, which he had appreciated with sure judgment. Richelieu did not himself declare war against the Hapsburgs. He launched Gustavus Adolphus against them, and though that genius was only in the field against Ferdinand for a twelve-month his action in that brief time almost overset the Catholic cause, and did in fact in the long run prevent its full success.

Ferdinand after that check lived on another half-a-dozen years, showing the utmost tenacity under disaster, meeting the most difficult and complicated circumstances of treason and further rebellion, and more or less restoring his own power, but not achieving what he had aimed at when he set out on the re-Catholicising of Germany. He was compelled to give way on the capital point of the restitution of Church goods. That of course was fatal. He began the struggle as we have seen, in 1619. He kept it up for



nearly twenty years until his death came in 1637. It was carried on after his death for another decade before it ended in exhaustion, with the two sides standing more or less as they had stood when the attempt began. The date 1648 may be taken as the final moment after which there could be no question of Germany's being united again either in one Protestant or in one Catholic state.

If any man could have succeeded it would have been Ferdinand, for not only had he the highest courage and the fullest tenacity of purpose but also the greatest devotion to religion and the finest personal character. He had, besides, what is of supreme value in governing men—sympathy with the masses and the humblest of his people. Anyone could approach him at any time. The population of his hereditary dominions was by the time of his death firmly bound to him with the bond of real affection.

But that fatal complication of Hapsburg ambition dreaded by France, and by all states and cities which it menaced, had come in to prevent the great experiment from succeeding. Nevertheless, Ferdinand when he came to die might say what most men say, who have attempted something perfect, failed to achieve it, yet partially succeeded. He could say like one of his

## THE SLIDE RUNS

expedition. He looked the cabin over very carefully, even trying the door.

It was evident he could do nothing to relieve his empty belly at the cabin. There was nothing for it but to start out and hunt. And hunting in the blinding storm that was driving over the valley offered little hope of a meal. At last he set his black face towards the saddle in the ridge above and headed for the valley beyond the rim. He did not mind the storm. It was to be disdained, as was every other force that opposed him.

His course led him along the same unmarked path that Coby and Smeltz had taken. Carcajou soon knew he was on a trail used but a few days before. The driving wind had swept away all tracks on the ridges, and the heavy blanket of new whiteness had obliterated the markings in the valley, but Carcajou had a way of telling. Here was a great stump at which the dog team had halted just under the rim. Misko had marked that stump, and the others of the team had left sundry smells that clung to the projecting rocks and underbrush.

Carcajou snarled as he examined these markings. There should be a spot where the outfit had camped for dinner or supper. Carcajou had many

## CARCAJOU

times found choice bits of food near such a spot. He shoved on until he came to the dividing rim. Below him the storm was howling down into the Unawweep like a pinyon fire scouring a sooty chimney. At his face and into the teeth of the storm lay Hell's Gulch.

On the saddle Carcajou found the place where Coby and Smeltz had had dinner. He nosed the biscuit tin and dug into the snow. The tea-leaves were unearthed and tasted. But they did not suit a tongue unused to them, so they were carefully buried again. A half hour's further hunt revealed only a scrap of biscuit. The empty biscuit tin was carried off the trail and buried. Carcajou could not have told just why he took that shining bit of tin. He was simply doing what wolverines have done since the first giant weasel sprang full furred and armed from the magic woods of the Great Spirit.

Carcajou sat down with his back to the driving storm to take stock of the chances for food. His sharp ears were tuned to the scream of the elements, and his pulse beat faster as the hurricane of snow and driving ice clutched at him. He could have moved under the sheltered side of the hill, but he did not. He dared the wind to sweep him away.







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## SHOWS, THEIR DANGERS AND THEIR FRAUDS 211

from some silly outbreak of temper occasioned by a dog

## THE BELVEDERE 159

mediaeval walls. It reminds us forcibly that its creator was an accomplished architect, knowing all the rules, as well as a creature of fantasy; and anyone who thinks of these men of the baroque as showmen, mountebanks, exhibitionists who were lost without a large space of ground and no topographical obligations, has only to look at this palace to see that he is wrong. The Himmelpfortgasse is an extremely narrow street, as befits its name, which means the Gates of Heaven, and Prince Eugene, who decided to build himself a house there, was an extremely important personage. Von Erlach, without spoiling the line of the street, has given him all the pomp he could desire. The problem which he set himself was to devise an elevation which impressed when seen obliquely, for there is no room to admire it from the front; and this he has achieved magnificently by emphasising the lateral thrust as against the vertical. The whole thing is a perfect example of adaptation to environment and a monumental proof of the essential stability of the period and its chief artisans.

Once, it seems to me, one has acknowledged the purpose behind the Graben column and the honesty of the palace in the Himmelpfortgasse, the other palaces and churches may be regarded with a clearer eye. On another page there will be found a photograph of the Karlskirche, another memorial to plague, another triumph of baroque, regarded by many as von Erlach's masterpiece. This, once upon a time, stood in green fields without the city walls. It must have appeared as a symbol of the new conception,

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splendid, alone, and free as air. Now, lying just beyond the Parkring, the space around it is constricted and the neighbouring buildings of the 19th century form a poor setting for the gem. When he designed this masterpiece—and it is plainly conceived and planned as one ; any old print showing its original setting proves that—von Erlach doubtless knew that one day the fields would be built upon, but he doubtless expected too that some consideration would be paid his own conception. He, with his lifelong preoccupation with the new, his absolute freedom from the clutches of past ages, achieved as few have done “ that true harmony of which modern art is afraid, for it never realises that the new always enhances the old ”. But the buildings which sprang up round the Karlskirche when von Erlach was dead are not new ; they do not enhance the old, and all harmony is absent. That makes it more difficult to appreciate the old.

Even then there is still sufficient space around it for the church to be seen whole. Unlike St. Paul's, which has to be viewed piecemeal, which is never really *seen*, it stands up from the ground a building, not a mysterious, soaring dome. And if for the present writer the Minoritenkirche is the most cherished silhouette of the whole city because it stands for a quality of sternness which Vienna has lost to her undoing, the bright green dome, the exquisitely proportioned clock towers, the bold twin Trajan's pillars of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo is the incomparable symbol of Vienna as it is, or almost is: the Vienna of the princely palaces, the palaces



## SHOWS, THEIR DANGERS AND THEIR FRAUDS 211

from some silly outbreak of temper occasioned by a dog or cat which aggravates a person. It is by no means uncommon for a veterinary surgeon to have brought to him a cat which has been shot through the body by a pellet from an air-gun and it is a pity that the man who did it cannot be made to watch the agony of the animal who probably gets peritonitis as a result and dies in great pain, unless humanely dispatched.

But the villain who really ought to be shot is he who hides a needle or a fish-hook in a piece of meat and lays it where he knows some offending dog or cat will pick it up. And the same fate is deserved by the man who puts down a small piece of sponge tied up closely with cotton soaked in appetising fat—a dainty morsel he knows a dog will swallow whole and which will eventually expand and swell sufficiently to block up the intestine and so cause an agonising death.

Fakes used to be very much practised in the old days where the age of a horse was in question. This, of course, is indicated by the teeth and the depressions over the eyeballs. All these characteristics can be manipulated in the aged animal so as to deceive the uninitiated with the appearance of youth, or, at any rate, to provide the semblance of respectable middle-age.

The depression over the eyes can be filled out by blowing air under the skin, which will remain distended for several hours, sometimes even for days, while the teeth can be filed down and the crowns redecorated to resemble the tables of the incisors of an eight- or nine-year-old animal. There used to be men who frequented low-class dealers' yards who made very expert jobs of this operation, usually drawing a fee of a guinea a time; and although to the veterinarian the fake was obvious enough, to the inexperienced many a middle-aged equine passed as a nimble youngster. This special form of faking is commonly known as 'bishoping.'

I have still quite a vivid memory of examining one pair of high-priced horses, the description of which a client had seen in a daily paper. One was near enough to the description—they were supposed to be six-year-olds—

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but the other was nearer twenty-six. It was a common dodge of those times—one well-conditioned, sound, genuine horse coupled with a dud. The dealer's way with an amateur was to say glibly, "Well, shall we say a hundred for the two ; then as soon as I can find one good enough to run with the one you like, I'll let you have it."

This arrangement was often accepted and, sure enough, the dealer would soon be along with another first-rate animal worthy to match the other good one. The customer would be delighted—until he learned that this new fine animal was not to be just exchanged for the dud.

"Oh, no," said the dealer suavely, "that good one you had was worth all of eighty out of the hundred. So is this one. If I allow twenty for the one I am taking back and you give me eighty for the new one . . . well, write me a cheque for sixty and that will be all right."

He relied on the attraction of a good pair to over-ride any scruples the purchaser might have—and it very often did.



## OF WINE

## LE TERTRE — LIPARI

**LE TERTRE**, Château. Arsac; 5th growth Médoc. Average annual production, 100 tuns of Claret.

**L'ÉTOILE**. Commune of the Jura, near Lons-le-Saulnier, producing some fair white wine, some of which is sold as sparkling wine. The best of its still white wines is sold as **Château Chalon**.

**LEUTESDORF**. Neuwied district, right bank of the Rhine, by Andernach. Fair white wines.

**LEUTSCHACH**. One of the Steiermark white wines (Austria).

**LE VALLIER**, Château. Palus de Parempuyre; Médoc. Average annual production, 100 tuns of Claret.

**L'ÉVANGILE**, Cru. 1st growth; Pomerol. Average annual production, 25 tuns of Claret.

**LIBOURNE**. An important market town on the River Dordogne; from its railhead are despatched most St. Emilion and Pomerol wines.

**LIEBFRAUENSTIFT** (Rhinehesse). The only reliable white wine of Worms. The best is sold as **Liebfrauenstift Klostergarten**.

**LIEBFRAUMILCH** (Rhinehesse). Formerly the white wine of Worms vineyards; now merely the name of a Hock without any guarantee of origin or quality. The genuine wine of the Liebfrauenkirche vineyards, near Worms, is sold under the name of **Liebfrauenstift**.

**LIESER** (Moselle Valley). Berncastel district. Very good white wines. Best vineyards: Niederberg; also Schlossberg, Kirchberg.

**LIESERER**. The wine of Lieser (Moselle).

**LIGNIÈRES**. Commune of the Grande Champagne (Cognac) district, which produces wine from which some of the finest Cognac is distilled.

**LIGNORELLES**. One of the good vineyards of Chablis (white Burgundy).

**LIGRÉ**. One of the red wines of Touraine (France).

**LIMOUX**. A small place near Carcassonne, Département of Aude (Languedoc Province), noted for a peculiar unracked, semi-sparkling white wine, known as **Blanquette de Limoux**. There are also some red wines of Limoux: they are supposed to resemble Beaujolais wines.

**LIPARI ISLANDS**. Small islands off the north coast of Sicily

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which produce some palatable dessert wines known as Malvasia di Lipari.

**LIQUEUR BRANDY.** A Brandy, i.e. distilled wine, of an age and quality that warrant its being enjoyed 'neat'; it is not to be served for 'Brandy and soda'.

**LIQUEUR DE TIRAGE.** The sugar candy sweetening added to young Champagne before bottling.

**LIQUEUR D'EXPÉDITION.** The sugar candy sweetening added to Champagne before it leaves the cellars of the shippers ready for consumption.

**LIQUEURING or DOSAGE.** The addition of some sugar candy sweetening to Champagne that is too young or too dry to be acceptable without such 'liqueuring'.

**LIQUOR.** A term sometimes used to include the whole of alcoholic beverages. The 'Liquor Trade' is used as an equivalent of the Wine, Beer and Spirit Trade. Liquor is also the 'trade term' used in the distillery industry for the distilled water used for breaking spirits.

**LISBON WINES.** Red and white wines, dry and dessert wines, are made on both banks of the Tagus above and below Lisbon. The fortified wines are chiefly known merely as Lisbon wines; they are a cheap edition of Port. The best Lisbon wines are the golden **Bucellas**; the most popular, the red **Collares**; the cheapest, the **Torres Vedres** red wine and the **Termo** white wine, whilst the most famous, once upon a time, and now little more than a mere memory, the **Carcavellos**.

**LISTRAC.** One of the important wine-producing Communes of the Médoc. The Commune of Listrac cannot boast any of the first five classed growths, but it produces some 2,000 tuns of good red wines, and a further quantity of more ordinary ones; also a little white wine. Some of the wines made in the adjoining Communes of Moulis, Lamarque, Arcins and Castelnau have acquired by long usage the right to be sold under the better known name of Listrac.

**LISTRAC, Château.** Bourgeois growth; Listrac; Médoc. Average annual production, 70 tuns of Claret.

**LITRE.** French standard liquid measure; the one-hundredth part of an Hectolitre; 61.027 cubic inches; 1.7608 pints (Britain); 1.0567 quart (U.S.A.).

## THE FIRST RAILWAYS

ideas. But it was a dangerous adventure. We might to-day in a sportive mood sit in a gravel basket at the end of a crane and travel adventurously through the air, but we would not make a practice of it, human life is too precious.

Not until the Highways Act of 1835 was the steam coach definitely fenced in, although in 1832 steam coaches on the road caused considerable comment, and a caricature of the Mulready envelope has on the flap a grotesque version of Burstall's second Coach. In December 1831 the report of a Select Committee was made public:

(1) That carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads at an average rate of ten miles an hour. (2) That at this rate they have conveyed upwards of fourteen passengers. (3) That their weight, including engine, fuel, water and attendants, may be under three tons. (4) That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable inclination with facility and ease. (5) That they are perfectly safe for passengers. (6) That they are not (or need not be if properly constructed) nuisances to the public. (7) That they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses. (8) That as they admit of greater breadth of tire than other carriages, and as the roads are not acted on so injuriously as by the feet of horses in common draught, such carriages will cause less wear of roads than coaches drawn by horses. (9) That rates of toll have been imposed on steam-carriages which would prohibit their being used on several lines of roads were such charges permitted to remain unaltered.

It is surprising with this impetus that the early motor car did not progress, and it could only have been from the poor roads and from the Turnpike Trusts objecting to such weight on their inadequate surfaces. There are many records left of the attempts and failures. There was William Mann's Locomotive Machine for the Road in 1830, with reservoirs of compressed air and the propelling power behind the back wheels; there was Adcock's Steam Coach, a print of which is in the London Museum. There was Gurney's Steam Coach in Hyde Park in 1827, there was Gibbs' Steam Drag, which

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## THE RAILWAY AGE

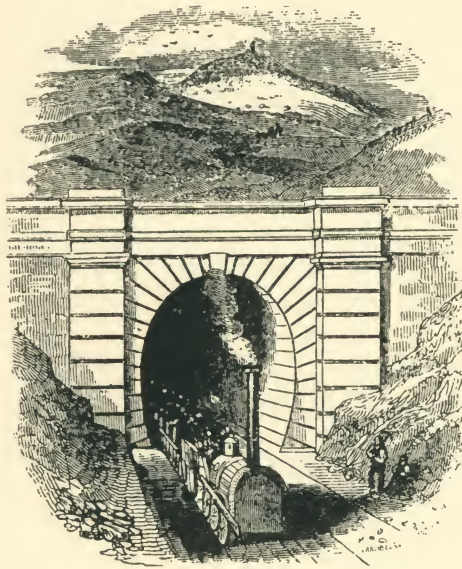
was a tractor drawing a coach and steered by a draw-bar, and there were many others. If it had not seemed easier to lay rails than to lay substantial roads the whole history of the next hundred years might have been altered—for methods of transit, perhaps more than anything else, make the man and the nation.





## CHAPTER II

## ENTER THE LOCOMOTIVE



The opening of the Stockton and Darlington line in 1825 is considered the first important landmark in the development of the Steam Rail-Way, but for many years before there had been numberless experiments. Now that trucks could be propelled by the adhesion of a smooth wheel to a smooth rail, they were ready for some steam engine that could drag them along. All that remained was to find a practical means of generating sufficient steam power in a locomotive engine. Two things were essential—enough draught to keep up a hot fire, and a large heating surface in a small compass on which to apply it. The escape-steam blast provided the draught, the tubular boiler provided the heating surface. When George Stephenson combined the two in the Rocket of 1829, for the

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## THE RAILWAY AGE

Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the railroad locomotive was complete. The essentials were there.

But, although from a mechanical point of view progress came step by step with occasional surprises, the locomotive, unlike many other discoveries, burst, rather than crept or stole, upon the world. It was an obvious thing that everybody could see, and it accomplished in front of everybody unheard of wonders. 'Every day', Smiles wrote, many years later, 'the thing, great and momentous, developed.'

George Stephenson, who had seriously thought of the New World for his labours, decided to settle in England, and, as he perfected one of the most important inventions in history, cut out clothes for the pitmen and taught their wives.

Though the mass of the people might be sceptical, there were many who realized the importance of what was happening. Early in the century William James dreamt of a general railway company with a capital of a million pounds, and later argued with George Stephenson that 20 or 30 miles per hour would come instead of George's 8 or 10. Dr. James Anderson and Mr. Thomas, of Denton, were enthusiasts as early as 1800. In 1821 Thomas Gray published his 'Observations on a General Iron Railway or Land Steam Conveyance', and flooded mayors, members of parliament and all manner of important people with petitions on the subject. By that year there were many tramways and railways scattered all over England, Wales and Scotland.

There had been many experimenters, great and small. There was Matthew Murray's engine of 1812, illustrated in Monsieur Dollfus's book. There was a booklet in 1810 by George Medhurst, the inventor of 'A new method of conveying Letters and Goods with great certainty and rapidity by compressed air'. Most important of all was Trevithick, whose engine, 'Catch me Who Can', was moving on rails round a circular track at Euston in 1808. In a last letter to a



## The Case of a Sea Slug

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in the mind of any evolutionist who would maintain that the characteristics of living creatures are the results of environmental stimulus or of fortuitous mutations.

When nematocysts were first discovered to be present in the papillae of sea slugs, they at once excited the interest of scientists, for they suggested a definite and close affinity between the *Mollusca* and a more simple group of organisms, the *Coelenterata*, which include the sea anemones and jelly-fish. It was previously believed that only coelenterates were provided with nematocysts.

The nematocyst is an explosive cell, which, in its discharged condition, is usually of a long whip-like shape; in its undischarged condition it is folded within itself, and at the least touch, the turgor produced by the tension of the cell-wall will cause the enfolded nettle-lash to fly out and sting any foreign body which is in the near neighbourhood. Many sea anemones and jelly-fish are provided with these protective cells. Most people have at one time or another been stung by a jelly-fish, and though the nettle-cells in sea anemones are not so poisonous, their thousand-fold tiny barbs are to be felt by anyone who puts his finger in among the open tentacles of any of our seashore polyps. The barbs seem to cling to the skin and hold it. These nettle-cells are believed to be both protective and offensive. They would be, one could suppose, a protection against the attacks of sea slugs which feed upon the otherwise unprotected sea anemones; they also have an offensive function when helping to entangle or poison the prey of the polyps.

The facts of the relation between the coelenterates and the

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sea slugs, and the part that the stinging cells play in these almost miraculous happenings have been carefully worked out by marine biologists. It has been found that the nematocysts which lie in an unexploded condition in the papillae of the sea slugs, and which are used by them as defensive mechanism against their enemies, have their origin in the coelenterates on which the slugs feed.

Although this much is known, much still remains obscure. How is it that the nematocyst which explodes at the least touch, is *not* exploded by the sea slug in the process of being devoured? How is it that the harsh, saw-like radula of the slug, with which it *tears* its food, does not break the sensitive capsule of the nettle-cell? It has been suggested that the slug, in eating, exudes mucus which prevents the discharge of the nematocysts, but is this sufficient explanation? Why are not the defensive cells discharged on the approach of the slug? They are discharged in some cases, but not in all. Why not? And how is it that the slug is immune from the poison? Mr. O. C. Glaser writes: 'It is truly remarkable that these apparently helpless creatures (the sea slugs) should have selected such a dangerous prey, but since they have, it must be because the danger does not apply to them. Why it does not, I do not know, but it may well be that for the same reason the nematocyst does not discharge while being eaten.'

Those reasons, whatever they are, remain obscure.

The next mystery is: how is it that the unexploded, and only the unexploded nematocysts, are gathered together from out of the stomach of the slug into narrow ciliated channels,

## APPENDIX : LEAVES FROM RECENT "READERS" EDITIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES

### *Hetty to Nancy*

guides and Maisie and Ruth and Anne followed him while the rest of us loitered along the right road at a walk and comparatively painlessly. In single file most of the time, the road being a mere track through stony deserts rather reminiscent of Hollywood. The day opened out and there were highly spectacular views on the left, intense blue amethyst mountains castellating the glacier. There ought to be another glacier on the right but we couldn't see it. Eventually the others came back with the pack-horses and about 1.0 we stopped for a rest at one of the rare patches of grass, taking off the horses' saddles and packs and I expected some food but it seems that that isn't done. Stella showed off a little by quite superfluously adjusting her horse's bit while the rest of us creakingly lowered ourselves on to the welcome turf. But very very shortly we started again and this time we did some cantering. Cantering is even more perilous but not so painful as trotting. Miss Greenhalge was riding a heavy black pony looking rather like something in a pantomime; you felt that *she* might just as well do the walking and the pony trot between her legs. She (Miss G.) is really very large indeed. (Maisie says that it is psychological being so tall and that tall people are running away from life. Hence, at the other end, Napoleon.) Well, gradually we came up to the hills on the left which flank the glacier and having passed a snappy little picture-postcard gorge we encamped about 5.0 on a spongy piece of grass where we hobbled our horses according to the guides' instructions (the guides are exceedingly nice not to say long-suffering), turned them adrift and began putting up our tents. It was then that Maisie and I made a scientific discovery. This tent of Maisie's has an outside cover and an inside cover. Well it seems that if you don't want to get wet you mustn't let these two touch. Now last night we went out of our way to peg them down absolutely flush. It seemed so much neater but that was why

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### *Hetty to Nancy*

we got so wet. The tent is still pretty clammy by the way. Having put up the tents we ate a large meal. The girls are getting hungry and were quite willing to try the despised smoked mutton. Smoked, not cooked mind you; you put your teeth in a hunk and then haul away the hunk in both fists. After that Greenhalge took some of the girls up Bláfell, which is a craggy mountain on the left, while M. and I diverted ourselves more according to our years, stumping through a marsh on the right of our camp in order to inspect the gorge of the river Hvitá. The gorge like all Icelandic gorges is perpendicular and composed of that beastly breaking stone. The Hvitá was turbulent and a most peculiar colour. 'The putty-coloured gletcher,' Maisie said appreciatively. We amused ourselves rolling down stones into it while Maisie told me that her next novel is to deal with the English colony in Fréjus. As we picked our way back through the marsh we kept hearing a single desolate creaking sound—like a creaking gate as M. said—which it turns out is a plover. This land would really make a very good setting for Hell, it reminds me of Gustave Doré's illustrations to the Inferno. The sphagnum moss everywhere gives the effect of ruins and you can imagine the souls of wicked philosophers sitting here and there on the sharp stones, their beards covered with lichen repenting their false premisses. We got back before the others, so had to make the coffee or rather the coffee and cocoa as Ruth can't drink coffee. M.'s petrol stove is not all it might be and has to be pumped all the time. Greenhalge and the girls came back from Bláfell, they hadn't reached the top of course and what they had was very hard going, all loose shale and stuff—every three foot forward they slipped two foot back. We opened another tin of mutton and found it much better than last night's; we think it has benefited from its jolting on horseback. After dinner Greenhalge opened a



## APPENDIX : LEAVES FROM RECENT "READERS" EDITIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES

### THE NEW

CH. 30] HOW FEAR AND DISTRUST LED TO WAR 175

far off. Every nation was suspicious of every other ; all set to work to increase their armies and prepare for a war which they were convinced would soon come.

In June 1914 the spark was flung into the powder barrel. The heir to the Austrian throne was assassinated by some Serbian students—though there was no proof that the Serbian government was implicated—at Serajevo, a town in Bosnia. Austria, afraid of the growing power of Serbia, was determined to use this incident as an excuse for crushing her before she became yet stronger. Russia, if she wished to keep her influence in the Balkans, dare not abandon Serbia to her fate ; when Austria attacked Serbia she in her turn declared war on Austria. In spite of tremendous efforts to preserve peace the conflict spread until, in accordance with the terms of the secret alliances they had signed, Germany and France were involved.

Great Britain for a few days hung back, but when Germany marched troops into Belgium, the neutrality of which she had guaranteed, she entered the war on the side of France and Russia. Italy did not come into the war until 1915 and then, since she felt she could gain most by such a course, on the side of France and Great Britain. Other countries, Japan, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria and Portugal, were drawn in ; in 1917 the United States of America flung her weight into the conflict.

For over four years Europe was drenched in blood, millions were killed and maimed, the normal life of nations was brought to a standstill. At last in the autumn of 1918 the guns ceased to fire. The statesmen of Europe were faced with a large number of difficult problems to solve. How they solved them and what followed from the solutions they reached will be told in the following chapters.

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## *Hetty to Nancy*

### CHAPTER 31

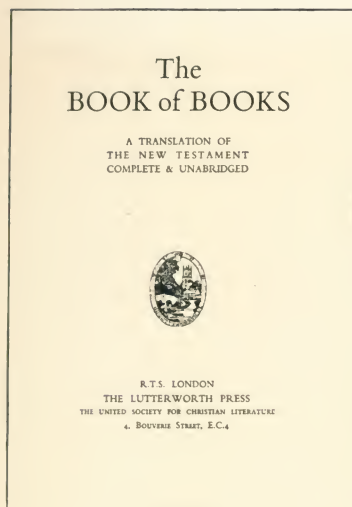
#### HOW THE NATIONS MADE PEACE

THERE were high hopes among many in Europe that the peace would be the beginnings of a new order of justice and good-will among nations. Before the war had ended Woodrow Wilson, the American President, had put forward four principles and fourteen points which should determine the character of the peace. It was to be based on justice to all peoples; provinces were not to be bartered about as pawns in a political game, but every territorial settlement was to be in the interests of the populations concerned; new frontiers were to be drawn on the principle of nationality and race. All states were to reduce their armaments to the lowest possible level, secret treaties were to be abolished for ever, economic barriers were to be removed, the freedom of the seas both in peace and war was to be guaranteed to every nation. Finally a League of Nations, which should prevent war in the future, was to be set up. On the assumption that such principles would guide the peacemakers Germany had surrendered. She was soon to find herself disillusioned.

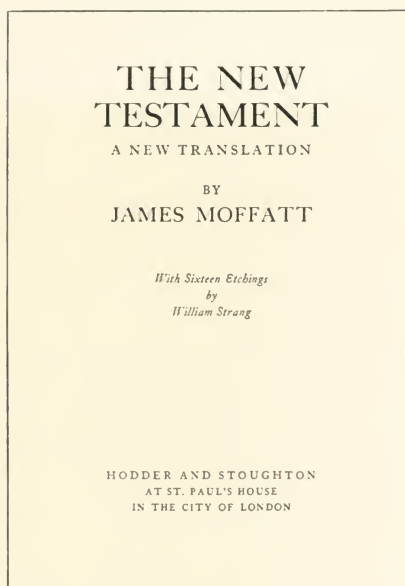
When the representatives of the victorious powers, for the vanquished were excluded altogether, met at Paris in 1919, it soon became clear that the principles which Wilson had laid down were not accepted by the majority of the Allied statesmen. Clemenceau, the leading statesman of France, was more interested in so crippling Germany that she would never be able to attack France again than in creating a new world. All that Japan wanted was to keep her gains in China and the Pacific. Italy was determined to



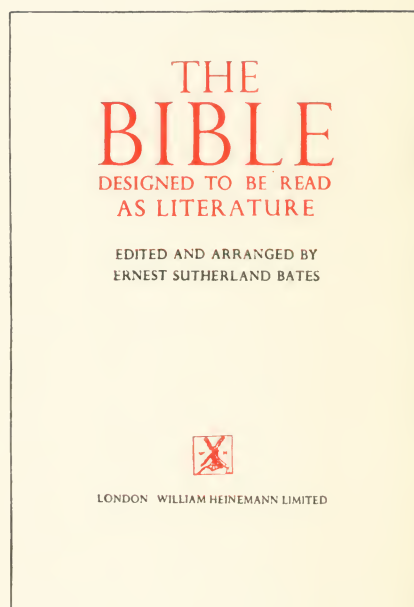
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In *The Monotype Recorder* for Spring 1938, an article was devoted to the recent typographic reforms instigated by the four licensed Bible Houses of Great Britain, with the purpose of making the normal double-column Bible more attractive and more legible.





# FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS

~~of which I had not your own ranks, my brethren, not many~~ wise

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XI. 39

HEBREWS

543

And these all obtained a good report through faith, but did not receive the promise; God having foreseen something better for us, that without us they should not be made perfect.

## THE SUPREME EXAMPLE

Therefore let us also, seeing we are encompassed with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight and the sin that so easily besets us [or, is much admired], and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking away to Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and has sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself [or, themselves] lest you grow weary and faint in your souls. You have not yet resisted unto blood in your struggle against sin. And you have forgotten the exhortation which reasons with you as with sons:

*My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord,*

*Nor faint when thou art rebuked by Him;*

*For whom the Lord loves He chastens,*

*And scourges every son whom He receives.*

If you endure chastening, God deals with you as with sons; for what son is there whom his father does not chasten? But if you are without chastening, of which all have been made partakers, then you are bastards and not sons. Furthermore we had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much more be in subjection to the Father of our spirits, and live? For they indeed for a few days chastened us as seemed good to them; but He for our profit, that we

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might share in His holiness. Now all chastening seems for the present to be not joyous, but grievous; yet afterwards it yields the peaceful fruit of righteousness to those who have been exercised by it.

HIGH PRIVILEGES, HIGH RESPONSIBILITIES

Therefore *strengthen the hands that hang down and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet* so that any who are lame may not be put out of joint, but rather may be healed. Pursue peace with all men, and the holiness without which no one shall see the Lord; looking carefully lest any man fall short of the grace of God, *lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you*, and by it the many should be defiled; lest there should be any fornicator or profane person, like Esau, who for a single meal sold his own birthright. For you know that afterwards, when he desired to inherit the blessing, he was rejected, though he sought it earnestly with tears; for he did not find any place for repentance. For you have not come to that which can be touched and to *burning fire, nor to blackness and darkness and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet and the cry of words*; which when they heard they entreated that no word more should be spoken to them; for they were not able to bear that which was enjoined: *And if even a beast touches the mount, it shall be stoned*. And so terrible was the sight that Moses said: *I am full of fear and trembling*. But you have come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to innumerable hosts, to the general assembly of angels, and the church of the firstborn who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new



FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS

26 Why, look at your own ranks, my brothers; not many wise  
men (that is, judged by human standards), not many lead-  
27 ing men, not many of good birth, have been called! No,

God has chosen what is foolish in the world  
to shame the wise;

God has chosen what is weak in the world  
to shame what is strong;

28 God has chosen what is mean and despised in the  
world—things which are not, to put down things that  
are;

<sup>29</sup>  
<sup>30</sup> that no person may boast in the sight of God. This is the  
God to whom you owe your being in Christ Jesus, whom  
God has made our 'Wisdom,' that is, our righteousness and  
31 consecration and redemption; so that, as it is written, *let*  
*him who boasts boast of the Lord.*

1 **2** Thus when I came to you, my brothers, I did not come  
to proclaim to you God's secret purpose \* with any  
2 elaborate words or wisdom; I determined among you to be  
ignorant of everything except Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ  
3 the crucified. It was in weakness and fear and with great  
4 trembling that I visited you, what I said, what I preached,  
did not rest on any plausible arguments of 'wisdom' but on  
5 the proof supplied by the Spirit and its power, so that your  
faith might not rest on any human 'wisdom' but on the  
power of God.

6 We do discuss 'wisdom' with those who are mature; only  
it is not the wisdom of this world or of the dethroned  
7 Powers who rule this world, it is the mysterious Wisdom of  
God that we discuss, that hidden wisdom which God decreed  
8 from all eternity for our glory. None of the Powers of this

\* The textual evidence for *μυστήριον* is slightly stronger, but I regard it as a secondary reading, due to i. 6, and adopt *μυστήριον*.



# THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW

## THE BIRTH OF JESUS

**N**OW THE BIRTH of Jesus Christ was on this wise: when as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying,

“Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.”

Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying,

*“Behold, a virgin shall be with child,  
And shall bring forth a son,  
And they shall call his name Emmanuel,  
Which being interpreted is, ‘God with us.’”*

Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto him his wife: and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name Jesus.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days



## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW

of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying,

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, "In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

*"And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda,  
Art not the least among the princes of Juda:  
For out of thee shall come a Governor,  
That shall rule my people Israel.'"*

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death







## POSTSCRIPT TO *THIS PARTICULAR* ALBUM

We trust that the Luck of Collation has brought a fair share of Chapter Openings, etc., to this particular Album, No. *14* of our First Series. We trust that the leaf you happen to have of each book is tempting enough to make you want to buy that book—to see what happened on the next page!

We very sincerely trust that we shall be forgiven for having decided to destroy *as few* copies of printed books as possible in this first experimental set of Albums. That meant making only 100 Albums (because more would have called for the guillotining of 2 copies of a number of books that contained fewer than 200 normal text pages). It also meant leaving out scores of books by which we could easily have supplemented this collection, so as to show (1) further “normal book sizes” of our most famous faces, (2) a wider range of formats, (3) books from three times as many publishing firms, and (4) at least one book printed by each of the most famous book printing offices of Great Britain.

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